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Signature.....

Week of issue commencing April 6, 1904

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Photo by *Johnston and Hoffmann*

The Marchioness of Headfort (formerly Miss Rosie Boote) and her Little Son, the Earl of Bective

No. 18.—Vol. II.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 4,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

BYSTANDER'S NOTES

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

April 6, 1904

With the advent of spring, I would ask my readers to consider whether our Sundays are as well spent as the exigencies of the age demand they should be. Do we not waste our opportunities of the one day in seven which is the only holiday in the week to the majority of us?

The old-fashioned idea of the Sunday as a "day of rest" meant but one thing. Born and bred on the soil, our worthy forbears interpreted "rest" as bodily rest—a natural and sensible conclusion for them to arrive at, seeing that manual labour was their daily life. Translating the Bible literally, they did not hesita e to say that "on the seventh day thou shalt do no manner of work," and stood by it as logically as anyone can stand by commandments without suffering such minor inconveniences as, say, the loss of a hot dinner.

The times have changed, although old customs die hard. The truth however, is, that the word "rest" must be liberally translated to meet the requirements of the community. To idle is not necessarily rest, for, as I am sure all those who live by the toil of the brain will bear me out, there is nothing more fatiguing to the man or woman whose brain is kept perpetually employed than to be un occupied. The mind accustomed to be in constant use cannot possibly become stagnant all of a sudden. Business thoughts will surge upon the unfortunate—a phantom army of large and minor worries will lay siege to him—and on the Monday morning, instead of having benefited by his short vacation, he resumes the life strenuous, depressed and wo n out.

Fortunately, as I said before, times have changed. Amusements have been introduced into the English Sunday which have gone far to remove the reproach that a Sunday in England is the saddest of all days. The rich man shakes the dust of the city from off his feet, and with his family seeks relaxation at his country seat, where he busies himself with his estate, or, perchance, inhales fresh air through the medium of a swift motor-car. The moderately rich follow his example to the best their means will permit. The seaside resorts conveniently situated near our great cities witness a great influx of "week-enders." In summer, numbers amuse themselves up the river in a launch, or in idling peacefully through backwaters in their canoe, or in their punt. Others cycle, while others again enjoy the excellent music which military bands discourse in the public parks. Truly a change from the customs of a quarter of a century ago!

Nevertheless it is not enough. When all is said and done the persons enumerated make but a small portion of the body politic. The vast majority of the people cannot afford to spend money by seeking relaxation in the different ways I have indicated. And for them what amusement is there, what change? We see them wandering aimlessly in twos and threes. Here is the grass inviting games and healthy recreation, but on the Sunday the Powers-that-be prohibit such unhallowed use of God's turf. What wasted opportunity! And it is just those classes whose lives have much of the bitter in them who would benefit by the stimulus which healthy games and pastimes give. You ask what is the objection, and why the prohibition? I whisper in your ear—there is a terrible fear, echoed by those who have never been beyond these islands, a fear which will cause the cheek of the respectable father and mother to blanch with mystified fear—that England will become like the Continent on Sunday. Think of that, O reader! A Continental Sunday in England! And yet, with all this dread, people are playing cards in clubs, yea, and in many a private house, too, while others are disporting themselves in boats on the river, or in yachting on the sea.

But as if this were not illogical enough, it is permitted that you or I can hire a boat on the ornamental water of many parks. Why that should be allowed and cricket sternly repressed it is beyond me to explain. The only difference I can see is that to hire a boat, you need money, while to play cricket you do not. These are curious distinctions. I knew a canon once who belonged to a club where tennis and croquet are played. The reverend gentleman had no objection to croquet being played on a Sunday, because one did not need to change into light flannels, for which sole reason he tabooed tennis. This is an unprincipled objection. The thing is either right or it is wrong. If it be wrong—to use an apt religious phrase, if it "cause scandal"—to play cricket or football on Sunday, to row a boat for pleasure ought equally to be so.

The truth, I believe, is that if more facilities were granted to the populace to amuse itself with healthy outdoor recreation on Sundays the State would be the gainer. Far more mischief takes place on Sundays than on other days, simply because of enforced idleness. As regards the attitude of the Church, I am sure that many enlightened clergymen would endorse Charles Kingsley's words to his parishioners: "Come to service in the morning, and I'll play cricket with you on the village green in the afternoon." If every recreation ground in the great cities and every village green were on Sunday afternoons thrown open to the public after, say, 1 p.m., for games, it would not only give pleasure in many a humble dwelling, it would not only be making for the health and strength of the nation, but it would divorce those two arch-fiends, Idleness and Mischief.

The Bystander in Parliament

Of the 670 gentlemen who are known as his Majesty's faithful Commons more than 600 are quite ordinary in appearance and demeanour. I do not mean to say that they are commonplace—though that might conceivably be urged against some—but that there is nothing startling, nothing grotesque, about most of them. They dress in a decorous and conventional style, and though the representatives of tailors' papers now and then turn the fierce light of the expert's eye on the hang of a legislative coat, or the cut of senatorial trousers, to the average man the member of Parliament is not easily distinguished from his fellow-mortals.

There are always a few—and may Heaven bless them—who relieve the monotony by being unusual, quaint, almost grotesque, and therefore welcome. Just at present there is no hon. member who may be classed as a freak, though in other days gentlemen with claims to that distinction, which would have been admitted by the late Mr. Barnum, have appeared upon the floor, to the delight of the stranger within the gates of Parliament. Perhaps the figure which, more than any other, attracts the inquiring gaze of the visitor to-day is that of Mr. William Field, whose appearance suggests a combination of Buffalo Bill and a Christy minstrel. It is whispered that the hon. gentleman has taken a vow not to allow scissors to touch his flowing locks until distressed Ireland comes into her own again, and her kings once more dance to the strains of that harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed.

The House can always boast of its dandies, one or two gentlemen whose perfect dress is regarded as a great Parliamentary possession. Mr. Robert Spencer has for years maintained a proud pre-eminence in this direction. Men of all parties would be distressed if the hon. exquisite were to come to the House some day in a low collar. It would mark the close of a great era, the abandonment of a memorable tradition. Nor is Mr. Spencer's collar his only triumph, for Time writes no wrinkle on his morning coat, and his trousers have long been the wonder of the age, while his waistcoats and his necktie—the latter being a great triumph of constructive statesmanship — are regarded with admiring despair by his rivals.

And he has rivals—Mr. Claude N. W. Lowther, for instance, runs him close in waistcoats, and so does Colonel Lockwood, whose gay attire has earned for him the name of Robin Redbreast. But while these and others may approach Bobby Spencer in this or that particular, he easily maintains a general supremacy. As a contrast to this school, we have Mr. Galloway Weir. It is said by some that this useful member's garments have been cut by the simple process of hanging some cloth on a clothes line and flinging a blunt hatchet at it. There are those, also, who say that Mr. Weir gets into his clothes by means of a hop, skip, and a jump.

Mr. James Galloway Weir sits for Ross and his clothes illustrate the triumph of a great principle. That principle is that a member of Parliament should order his garments from his own constituents, and thus Mr. Weir shows what the simple crofters of the North can do in the way of sartorial art. There is a rugged appearance about their work which suggests the land of the mountain and the flood. This notion of ordering clothes from constituents recommends itself to all those who think that a man should look after his own people first—and yet some of the most ardent patriots detect one objection to the plan. They point out that a member will feel bound to pay his tailor if that tailor be a constituent—and paying tailors is a contravention of all well-established precedent. But Mr. Weir is an honest man, and one glance is enough to show that he does not owe anything to his tailor, in any sense.

Perhaps the most daring innovation ever introduced into the House of Commons was a certain hat which Mr. Lionel Rothschild wore for a brief time a year or two ago. The season was hot, and the hon. member found that the ordinary silk hat was oppressive. At the same time the ordinary straw hat did not suit his style of beauty. In a moment of inspiration he decided to unite the shape of the one with the material of the other Mr. Rothschild is rich and is enterprising, and his orders were carried out, with the result that one day he marched resolutely into the lobby wearing on his head something which looked like a beehive with a brim round the bottom, straight sides and a flat top.

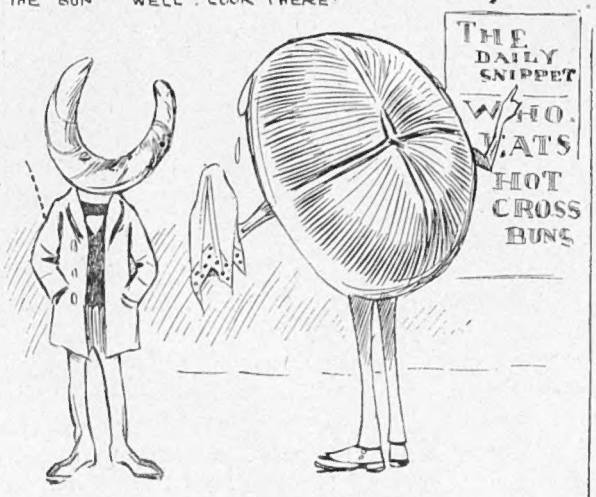
The members gazed at him as at an apparition, with a starked expression suggestive of Horatio's exclamation, "Look, my lord, it comes!" A little later, members could be seen bolting round corners, so as to laugh without hurting the feelings of the popular financial magnate. Mr. Rothschild, all unmoved, took his seat, and hid the straw stovepipe beneath the bench ; but though it was out of sight it was not out of mind, for members sat patiently for a couple of hours waiting to see it brought forth.

At last Mr. Rothschild was seen to look around, and as no one seemed to be watching, he quietly brought forth the straw monstrosity from its dark retreat. Instantly there were roars of "Order order," "Oh, oh," "Hee-ah, hee-ah" from all sides, showing that the members who had apparently been listening to a debate had really been waiting for the reappearance of the beehive. I wonder what has become of that quaint article—perchance it stands inverted in its wealthy owner's home, and holds a flower-pot

S. L. H.

The Topictator

THE "HORSE SHOE" "YOU LOOK VERY HOT AND CROSS"
THE BUN "WELL! LOOK THERE!"



"DID I PERTAKE IN THE 'YDE PAWK DEMING STRYTION?
NOT ARF, I DIDN'T! A LOT O' LAZY, DIRTY CHINESERS A TAKIN' OF THE BREAD AHT O' THE MAHTHS O' 'ARD WORKIN', SOBER, HINDUSTRIOUS BLOKES - LIKE ME"

"'AM'STEAD"

"THE LITTLE MORE - AND HOW MUCH IT IS"

M C "HAVE I GOT TO MEET YOU IN THE FINAL? WHY YOU ARE A SECOND LEAGUE LOT"

B.W. "S-S-S-SO WERE YOU LAST SEASON"

ACCORDING TO MR JOHN REDMOND THE IRISH VOTE WILL, IF SKILFULLY MANAGED, COMPEL BOTH PARTIES TO COME TO THE IRISH MEMBERS OFFERING ALTERNATIVE SCHEMES OF HOME RULE

F.G.

Lord Milner

Lord Milner, whose jubilee birthday is just over, is one of the prominent men of the day who have come to the fore chiefly through a universal faith in their reliability. Outwardly he seems a quiet man, but also a strong one; one feels he could do much if the occasion made it necessary, and a power reserved always appeals more irresistibly to the imagination than one in action. Lord Rosebery, who loves euphonius periods, calls him "the union of fascination and intellect." Essentially modest, he himself confesses that it takes something to rouse him to strong exertion; a quiet and unemotional speaker, he is only waiting for "a hit in the eye," as he whimsically remarked, to call forth unexampled flights of impassioned eloquence. What Lord Milner has already done is nothing compared to what he may yet achieve. At one time in his life he laboured as a hard-working journalist on the *Pall Mall Gazette*; his copy was celebrated for its untidiness, the writing resembling rows of dismembered bluebottles scattered over the page. At a still earlier period he was at Balliol College, Oxford, a student at the feet of Jowett, who always said that his great ambition was that his pupils might rule the Empire. As, besides Lord Milner, they included at this time Mr. Asquith, Mr. Brodrick, and Lord Curzon, fate has not dealt so unkindly with his wishes as it does with most men's. Lord Milner is fond of smoking, and declares there is nothing so restful as "a good fat cigar." His familiar is a small Dandie Dinmont terrier, which makes a point of squatting at her master's feet whenever he makes a speech, perhaps to assure him of her silent appreciation.

Mr. E. A. Abbey

The great honour of the Royal command to paint the "official version" of the King's Coronation was

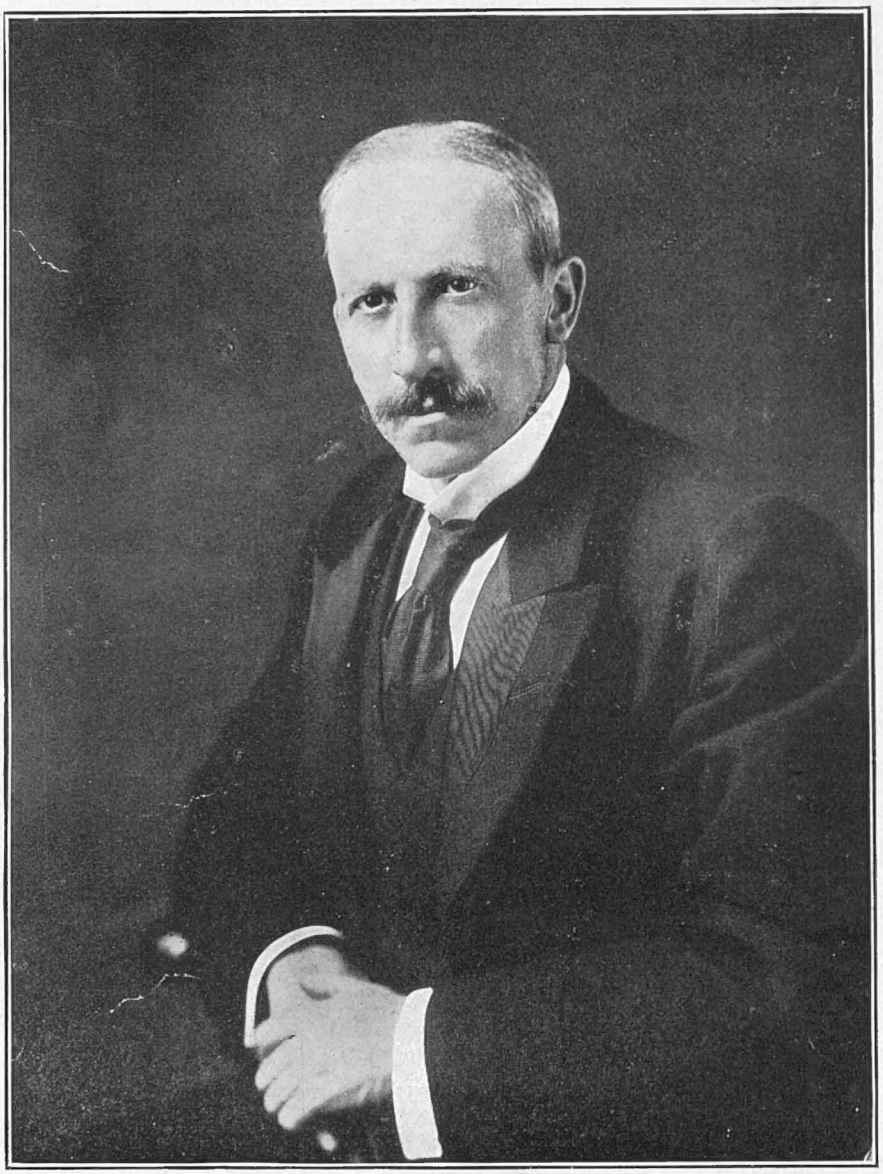


Photo by *Esmé Collings*

Lord Milner

Who celebrated his fiftieth birthday last week

Photo by] **Mr. E. A. Abbey, R.A., in His Studio** *[Mills*

Mr. Abbey received the Royal command to paint the "official version" of the Coronation

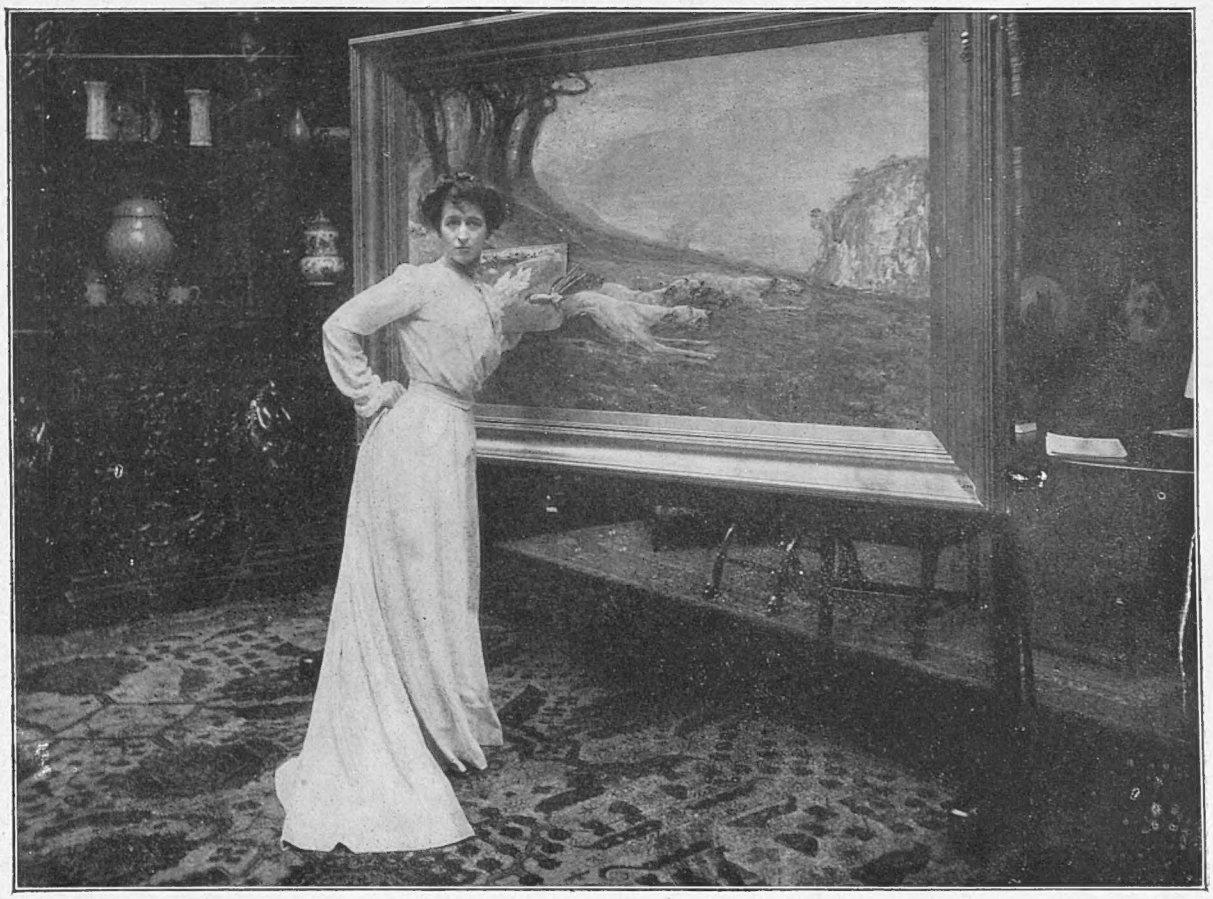


Photo by] **Miss Maud Earl, the Animal Painter** *[Moyse*

Miss Earl has painted the portraits of the favourite dogs of Queen Victoria and the present King and Queen

accorded to Mr. E. A. Abbey, who is one of the most striking instances of our old friend, the American Invasion. He was born fifty-two years ago, in Philadelphia, and studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. He came to England for the enterprising Harper Brothers in 1878, and is now, to all appearance, firmly rooted in the beautiful neighbourhood of Old Fairford, in Gloucestershire. Mr. Abbey knows more, probably, about old English costume of many periods than any man, and he has an unrivalled collection of authentic clothes of the past. His work, to which this study of his contributes so much, is well known to all followers of English art. He is an R.A. and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, among other distinctions his brush has won for him.

Baron Kanéko, Japanese Minister of Justice
Head of the Japanese Mission to America

The Special Mission from Japan

It may not be generally known that Japan has sent a special mission to America as well as to England for the purpose of presenting the case of Japan *v.* Russia.

At the head of the Mission to England is Baron Suematsu, and he had not long been on these shores before he explained the general purpose, at least, of his visit. Baron Suematsu is already well known to many in London. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and amongst his fellow-students was Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. On his return to Japan, he became a journalist, and wrote articles for the *Nichi-Nichi Shimbun* and other Japanese papers. He translated several English novels into his native language, and became prominent as a man of letters. Attracting the favourable notice of the great Marquis Ito, he was fortunate enough to marry the only daughter of that statesman, who induced him to enter the service of the Government. He has successively been Minister of Communications and Minister of the Interior. On his present visit to

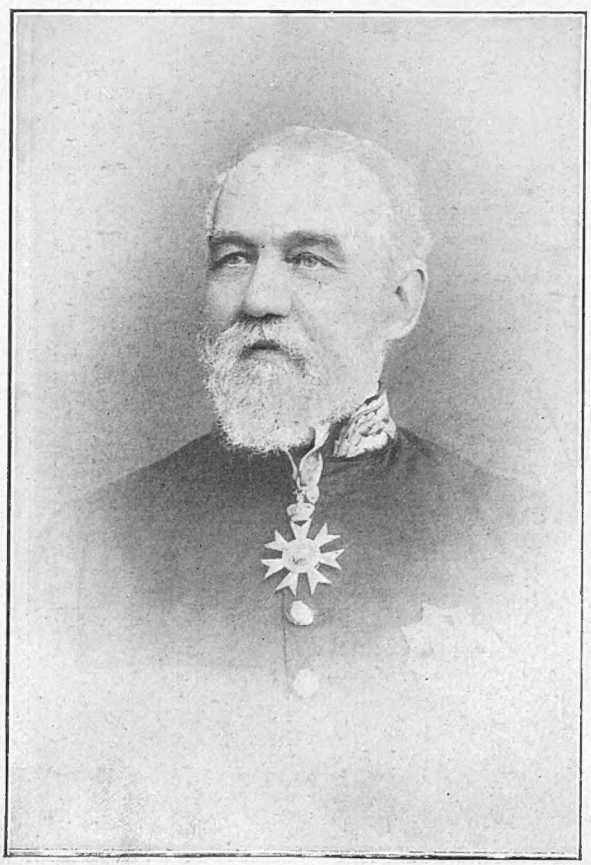


Photo by *Platé and Co.*
Sir Frederick Saunders, K.C.M.G.

Photo by *London Stereoscopic Co.*
Lady Henry Somerset

England he is accompanied by his friend Mr. Takahashi, the Vice-President of the Bank of Japan. Mr. Takahashi was educated in the United States, but is not unknown in London. He was formerly General Manager of the Yokohama Specie Bank. At the head of the Mission to the United States is Baron Kanéko, a very distinguished jurist of Japan, whose last official position was that of Minister of Justice. He received a large part of his early legal training in America, and became a New York "attorney-at-law." Going back to Japan, he was entrusted by Marquis Ito with a considerable share in the formulation of the now-famous Constitution of Japan. Later, he was appointed Chief Secretary of the Japanese House of Peers, and afterwards he became Minister of Agriculture.

Baron Suematsu
Head of the Japanese Mission to England

Sir Frederick Saunders, K.C.M.G.

Sir Frederick's social popularity is no surprise to those who know him, and are aware of an exceptionally succesful Colonial career. Educated at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, he passed into the Ceylon Civil Service, in which island he enacted many parts, filled many positions, and filled them well. His reforms of the Prisons' System has left those dismal abodes the brighter, and as Government Agent for the Eastern and Western provinces, and later, as Member of the Executive Council, he rendered good service to the State. In private life, Sir Frederick Saunders veils the authoritative air of one accustomed to command, with a manner courteous as were men of the olden days, and his delight in life and partiality for pleasantries make him infinitely younger than his years and welcome to the troops of friends which he has made in many lands. When the present Prince of Wales and the late Duke of Clarence were in Ceylon, it was Sir Frederick's responsible privilege to act as

Photo by *Thomas*

Mr. Sydney Grundy and His Daughter, Miss Lily Grundy

Mr. Grundy's play, *A Marriage of Convenience*, has been revived by Mr. Lewis Waller at the Imperial Theatre. Miss Grundy is playing the charming *ingénue rôle* in *His Excellency the Governor* at the Duke of York's

cicerone to the Princes. One of the expeditions entailed a long walk in single file through what, to the uninitiated, appeared a pathless jungle. To one so courteous as is the subject of our portrait, the unwelcome dilemma faced Sir Frederick that, if his future Sovereign took the lead, the *cortège* would never arrive, whereas, if he took the lead, he would be presuming on the ignorance of his betters. The Prince of Wales, whose eye for detail is proverbial, quickly grasped the situation, and with a laugh observed, "We'll relegate ceremony to civilisation."

Lady Henry Somerset

Lady Henry Somerset, most indefatigable of living women, was extremely busy recently speaking at various meetings in connection with her numerous charitable interests. It would be difficult to estimate the number of speeches Lady Henry Somerset makes in a year. She is always willing to lend her voice and energies to any call of distress, and has the rare gift of a real and persuasive eloquence, of impressing her audience with her own personality, perhaps because everything she does or says comes straight from her heart. In the early days of her public career as a speaker, Lady Henry Somerset adopted a very simple expedient for discovering when improvements were impossible. She always took her maid with her to every meeting she addressed, and the girl was instructed to wave her handkerchief when she found it difficult to hear what was said. By this means the feminine orator learnt to modulate her voice to rooms of every size, and practice soon gave her ease and confidence. Lady Henry Somerset's name is best known in connection with her unwearying labours in the cause of temperance, to which she has given the devotion of a lifetime. A great deal of her thought and interest is centred on the home at Duxhurst Surrey, which she founded some years ago for the benefit of inebriate women, and where the struggle to reclaim the unfortunate victims of their own folly is regularly and systematically carried on.

Princess Chiquita, the Smallest Woman in the World

The Princess, who is now performing at the Paris Hippodrome, is a little lady of many accomplishments. She drives an automobile, plays the mandoline, and converses fluently in English, French, and German. On the left of our illustration appears Mr Frank C. Bostock, the sorrowing owner of the late lamented chimpanzee "Consul"

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Children in the Park at Naples

The Promenade in the Villa Nazionale (Public Gardens)

SPRING IN NAPLES

Easter in Florence

On Easter Tuesday — Mardi Gras—there takes place in Florence one of the most extraordinary religious festivals that have, somehow or other in various places, managed to survive the march of modern rationalism. On that day the visitor to Florence will find the entire city congregating in the vicinity of the Duomo (cathedral), and, in addition, a great influx of contadini (peasants) from the neighbouring villages, who are, one and all, in a tip-toe of expectation. In front of the Duomo, guarded jealously by police, is a huge and unwieldy triumphal car, around which are suspended festoons of fireworks in the shape of squibs and crackers. This is the famous Pazzi Car, which a legend relates is made from wood brought from the tomb of Christ by a member of the historic Pazzi family in the days of the Crusades. The car is drawn by milk-white oxen, also garlanded, and on looking closer at the car we see it is connected with a thin wire to the Duomo. What is the fuss about? The clamour around us grows louder. The men and women are undoubtedly becoming more and more excited. Inside the Duomo, which immense edifice is packed to the doors, High Mass is in progress. Suddenly a hush comes upon the multitude. It is the moment of The Elevation of the Host. "But the car?" you ask, to which every eye is turned. At the high altar at the sacred moment when the bell sounds for the third time, a priest turns a switch. There is a buzz, and an imitation dove — representing the Holy Ghost—flashes along the wire and emerges into the Piazza without. Crash! It bangs into the Pazzi Car, and the impact sets the fireworks going. Bang! Crack-k-k, Bang! Bang! A loud murmur from the assembled crowds gradually grows into a din of excited and enthusiastic shouts. "Good!" one hears cried, "They all explode!" It has a great meaning to everyone in that Florentine assembly. Every firework has exploded with a noise which does credit to its manufacturer and the worthy manufacturer, by providing good crackers, has raised the hopes of thousands of Florentines. For the symbol to the tradesman means a good season, and to the contadini a good harvest. That we, in dull prosaic England, could make a city supremely happy by firing off five shillings' worth of squibs! But that is where the genius of Dante's fellow-citizens comes in.

Sunny Naples

It is not necessary to describe the various photographs of Naples reproduced herewith, as most of our readers will be familiar with them. The general impression of those who have not been to Naples is that it is a place to dream in. Perhaps so, yet none the less its many musical attractions are an efficient cure for ennui. A magnificent band plays in the Villa Nazionale every afternoon, while during the winter, the splendid San Carlo opera house and half a dozen theatres provide a round of gaieties which soon dispels the old idea that Naples is intended only for the dreamer.

The Band Plays Every Afternoon in the Public Gardens, and Very Good Concerts are Organised

OPEN-AIR CONCERTS IN THE VILLA NAZIONALE NAPLES

The Pazzi Car Before the Duomo

The crowd watching anxiously to see the result of the collision of "the dove" with the fireworks on the car. The dove can just be discerned in the photograph moving along the wire

The Car *en route* to the Duomo

The famous Pazzi car is always drawn by milk-white oxen, which are reserved specially for this duty, and are only worked one day in the year. The Pazzi car is very old, dating back to the twelfth century

EASTER TUESDAY IN FLORENCE

The Basilica at Pompeii

This building, 220 feet long, 80 ft. wide, is one of the largest in Pompeii. It was standing in the year that Lepidus and Catallus held the commandership, B.C. 79

The Latest Work of Excavation at Pompeii

Supposed to be the site of the Temple of Hercules, from the fact that a statue of that god was dug up there

One of the Streets of Pompeii

In this street the grooves made by the chariot wheels are still to be seen

The Suburbs of Pompeii

Showing a distant view of Mount Vesuvius

THE LATEST EXCAVATIONS AMONG THE RUINS OF POMPEII

Bird's-eye View of Jaffa

Showing the orange and lemon groves, for which it is famous. The landing here is generally difficult, and sometimes impossible, owing to the surf. Hence passengers have to get ashore under the guidance of Arab boatmen, who skilfully steer their surf boats through the narrow openings in the rocks

A Street Scene in Jerusalem

Giving a good idea of the cosmopolitan nature of its inhabitants. Notice the raucous vendor of Jaffa oranges to the left

The Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem

The photo was taken at the moment when several hundred Mohammedan worshippers were bowing down to the ground. It is only of late years that Christians have been allowed access to the Mosque, which is the most sacred site (after Mecca) of the Mohammedans, and even now they have to be accompanied by a kavass from the Consulate

Stromboli, the great Active Volcano in the Lipari Islands

In spite of its being constantly active, a small town stands at the foot, and the inhabitants seem entirely indifferent as to the chances of a serious eruption one day. These islands are the Æolian Islands of the ancients, and were supposed to be the abode of the fiery god Vulcan

SCENES IN THE ORIENT

"At the Sign of the Times"

A FEW MEEK NOTES ON THE SERVANT QUESTION

The Approach to this Question

Hitherto the Servant Question has been regarded as a controversy sacred to women. The man who ventures into the *mêlée* in which, year after year, "Embittered Mistress" breaks a lance with "Indignant Cook" while "Never without a House-Parlour-Maid" is supported by "Thirty Years in the Same Situation" in her vain efforts to quell the turmoil—the man, I say, who ventures into that dreadful arena is generally leapt upon by both factions and battered without mercy. He is not even pitied in the editorial leader which usually sums up the case for or against according as the journal's subscribers are to be found in the area or the front drawing-room.

Is Made

Now, however, that women are about to receive the franchise, now, in fact, that there is every prospect of Mr. George Alexander being sent for shortly by the King, to form a Government, there is no justification for this state of things continuing. If women are to be justified in dealing with what have so far been considered men's questions, men must receive some little consideration when they presume—in all humbleness of course—to offer a few suggestions in a matter like this. Before offering any myself, I should like to premise that I am no misogynist. So far as the franchise goes, for example, I offer it freely. I am not among those men who see in the change nothing short of revolution, and trust they will be in their graves before the fatal hour arrives. These are mostly bachelors, who think either that there will be a repetition—on a more awful scale—of the Communist risings in Paris, when unmarried men will defend the barricades against their tyrants and those that are not shot down will be wedded out of hand, or that their doom will be sealed by the most insidious art of peace, namely, a sliding tax on bachelors' incomes. Such morbid prognostications I do not encourage.

With the Utmost Humility

On the contrary, I see in the extension of the franchise every promise of a golden age. The hard reign of logic will cease. Not in vain will the poor tramp ask for the ratepayers' money. There will be new uniforms for the Army once a month, and we shall hear no more nonsense about reform. The Navy will be quartered on dry land, because sailors dance so beautifully. The practice of wearing hats in the House may, when women are M.P.'s, be taken advantage of by the Front Benches, and "calumnies" are not unlikely to increase. But such things will be "only Pretty Fanny's way"; and they will arrange themselves. Of one thing we may be certain. There will be none of that slackness among Members which is the despair of the Whips. Parliament will work hard and not adjourn, after its present monstrous custom, for Derby Day. Holidays will be allowed only on great occasions—such as Sales.

After Which a Retirement

But, in the contemplation of this glorious vista, I am losing sight of the servant question. I understand from various expert authorities, who would like to have their names mentioned—if there were room for them—that it is becoming more pressing than ever. Plain cooks are a vanishing quantity; neither love nor money can procure a still-room maid; while general servants employ what little time they stop in a place—not more than a fortnight as a rule—in breaking everything they can lay hands on. Then, in spite of the inducements of good wages, light work, and Sundays out—not to mention unlimited kindness—they move on to a factory.

From this Question

This of course is the wail of the mistress; and over against it in common fairness ought to be set the servant's complaint. The difficulty is that the servant does not complain much—even in those newspaper controversies which have been mentioned. She complains when she gives notice, it is true; she could hardly do otherwise. No lady has ever asked her to clean the silver before, or the doorstep or the bannisters or the pug-dog, and, willing as she is to make sacrifices, she cannot afford to lose her self-respect. One knows the kind of thing. Some democratic philanthropists sympathise with her. Is a free-born Englishwoman, they say, to be asked, nay, ordered, to wash a pug-dog? Would Mrs. Jenkinson, who gives that order to one who is, after all, her sister, like to wash a pug-dog herself—or a doorstep or the silver? (These questions are supposed to be answered on behalf of Mrs. Jenkinson in the negative). For my part, I wish I could think that anti-flunkeyism was indeed so rampant in England as these theorists would have us believe. I should rejoice to think that powdered footmen had organised an implacable revolt. Alas! footmen are to be had in hundreds. They do not move on to factories.

Is Effected

That is why I am compelled to think that the servants who do are not really so much concerned for their self-respect as we sometimes hear. What they are concerned for is their enjoyment of life. What mistresses will not understand is that while her servant is stating a grievance, she is really giving utterance to a preference. Once she had no choice and no grievance: she has no grievance now (least of all the pug-dog or the doorstep) but she has a choice. And she prefers the factory. The good Mrs. Jenkinson is astonished that Maria should prefer a factory. "You get less wages," she says, "and harder work. You have to do more unpleasant

things than washing Bijou." But Maria loses her head. She is going to have her liberty. Not, mind you, the liberty of being free from orders—or from washing pug-dogs—but the liberty of enjoying herself in her own way more than once a week. Mrs. Jenkinson may protest that Maria does have her evenings mostly to herself, so far as work is concerned. But then Maria does not want her evenings to herself literally: she wants them with her friends and the young man who may be—for all Mrs. Jenkinson knows—a burglar. . . . I might remark in passing that there are only 70,000 burglars known to the police . . .

With

Here there is a thing mistresses have to face—evenings off. Nothing new in the suggestion, of course, and quite impossible, I know. I have been told so hundreds of times. Servants have nowhere to go to in the evening: they cannot roam about London. And there must be somebody to answer the bell. I forget which is the clinching reason, but if one of them does clinch, Maria will continue to go to the factory. In other words, so long as people continue to have preferences, other people must defer to them in spite of difficulties. There may be only one way of escape to ninety-nine entanglements, but the person most interested is bound to find it.

(If Such an Expression be Permissible)

Aphorisms, I very readily admit, are annoying during the discussion of a practical matter. I pass on therefore to sugge t that municipal registry offices—in place of the abominations of desolation so-called—extra payment for overtime (such as answering the bell in the evening), pension funds (not dependent upon the employer's whim or death's, but sliding upwards according to length of service rendered), some logical method of giving characters (as in Germany), some comprehensible method of setting work (as in factories), a minimum of the Lady Bountiful attitude, and no regrets for ingratitude—would all assist to make things easier. They have all been suggested time out of mind. I can only add one novelty to the list. It is this—

A Still More Utmost Humility

I consider it my most valuable and at the same time most suppliant note. I make it public not out of sheer disinterestedness. I am thinking all the time of the advantages of having in one's service even the plainest person provided she can cook. It is that some of these suggestions should be acted upon. Not all of them of course. Some Mrs. Jenkinson would not approve: Maria would scorn others. But some of them might really be tried and the servant question might possibly be settled—for the time being. As a mere man, I cannot see that the settlement of the matter need in itself be harmful, though it is a pity in a way to lose a fruitful topic of conversation. Others might be found to take its place. Such for instance as the incapacity of men to understand the simplest matter.

MINIMUS.

A Leap-Year "Investment"

(A SWINBURNIAN RHAPSODY.)

By fears that are grisly I'm haunted, by terrors phantasmal obsessed,
By doom that is dire I am daunted, strange visions my slumbers molest—
Strange visions of maids in a bevy who court me, and press me and woo,
Till my soul with fatigue is made heavy, my outlook on life is made blue!

As in hundreds they chase and pursue me, they fill me with ghastly alarms,
For their aim is quite clear—to undo me, and make me succumb to their charms;
By tactics now clever, now stupid, my strategy theirs has out-classed,
I've dodged all the darts of young Cupid—but, tell me, how long will it last?

Each day they more hotly beleaguer my heart with their feminine wiles,
To make me surrender they're eager with blandishments, flatteries, smiles;
And just as I'm feverishly guarding my stronghold from Mirabel's fire,
Gay Phyllis begins her bombarding, what time I for safety retire.

Fair maids of all sorts and conditions are ranged 'neath my citadel walls,
And they watch from their several positions the hour when it crumbles and falls;
For they think that perchance I may falter, and fall with a dart in my breast,
When they'll carry me off to the altar—and Hymen will do all the rest!

But I'll stand to my guns like a Briton, intrepid, determined to win,
And though my defences be smitten and broken, I'll never give in;
From my turret I'll shout my defiance, and dare them to do what they can,
And, spite of all their tactical science, I'll not be a marrying man!

Yet stay! should I see one fine morning—a ransom I'd give for the chance—
Her rivals disdainfully scorning, the pennons of Dora advance,
My batt'ries I'd promptly be masking, no longer I'd keep watch and ward,
The fort should be hers for the asking, its portals should straight be unbarred.

Not a jot for my plight is she caring; whenever she goes riding by,
I note with my soul all despairing, indifference freezing her eye;
But I swear the next time that she passes I'll barter old tactics for new,
Breaking through the beleaguering lasses, I'll try what a sortie will do!

FRED. J. COX.

CONCERNING THE POET LAUREATE

There are not so many people alive now who can remember well the controversy which raged round the Poet Laureateship at the time when it was about to fall to Tennyson. But one who remembers it and took a certain part in it is the veteran Sir Theodore Martin, the friend of Queen Victoria, the translator of Horace, and the co-editor of the "Bon Gaultier Ballads," who wrote for that delightful collection of light verse the parody of Tennyson's "Mermaid," beginning:

> O who would be
> A Laureate bold,
> With his butt of sherry
> To keep him merry,
> And nothing to do but to pocket his gold.

Such is the occupation of Mr. Alfred Austin, who succeeded to the laurel which came to Tennyson "greener from the brows" of Wordsworth. Certainly, the collocation of these names is a little staggering. Nobody, and probably Mr. Austin least of all, has ever been blind to that, and the appointment, which was one of the earliest proceedings of the late Lord Salisbury's last Ministry, has often been taken as an example of that statesman's very delightful, but not always safe, habit of introducing a little fun into public affairs.

Perhaps Lord Salisbury, if we may assume that he was not blind to the humorous aspect of the thing, even looked beyond the appointment itself, anticipating the admirable fooling that was to follow, when Opposition critics thundered denunciation at the Ministry for not crowning somebody else, and a good part of the Government Press was occupied in demonstrating that there was really nobody else to crown. The weltering confusion of political with literary criticism which broke out in the leader-columns of the newspapers may or may not have filled the distinguished author of it all with a rather cynical joy.

At that time, however, nothing quite so candid appeared as the following passage taken from a recent work by a gentleman who enjoys, like Mr. Austin, a Civil List pension, and more than earns the money by a pomposity of style which is nothing less than sublime:

> The services on platform or in press rendered to his party by Mr. Alfred Austin, to say nothing of his universal proficiency in all departments of verse, would have fastened on the Tory minister of the day a charge of the blackest ingratitude, had so well-known a candidate been ignored at the departure of the genius which enriched English letters with *The Idylls of the King*.

The writer of the foregoing delightful passage, who need not be named, has for some ten years been in receipt of a pension of £100 yearly, "for his merits as an author and a journalist," upon the Civil List. This admirable statement of what may be taken as the official justification for Mr. Austin's appointment is almost worth the money.

That same List reveals more than one singular fact bearing upon the position of the Poet Laureate. Mr. Austin's pension upon the Civil List, "as Poet Laureate," which is apart from his official stipend of £72, is £200 a year. But Mr. Austin Dobson (who has also his Civil Service retired pension, and may be confidently presumed to make more than Mr. Austin by his poems) enjoys, on the same List, another pension of no less than £250, "in recognition of his distinguished literary attainments, and of his eminence as a poet." And the late Mr. Henley—a considerably greater man—had £225.

Probably these disbursements to poets are not regulated as to amount by any sense of the relative excellence of the bards benefited. And yet it may be so. Not only is Royal taste in letters an exceedingly strange thing, but Ministerial taste is often not much better. The once notorious Mr. Close, for example, whose limping doggrel has now utterly perished, was so much admired as a poet by Lord Palmerston that a pension was conferred upon him. The same great statesman was very favourably impressed, too, by a piece containing the lines:

> When Daniel saw the writing on the wall,
> He could not make it out at all.

But it would be grossly improper to leave it to be imagined that "The poet Close" and Mr. Austin stand in the same class. Nobody laying claim to literary judgment admires the poems of Mr. Austin much; but there has been seen in his work at times a happiness, and what the writer already quoted calls a "proficiency," which have afforded opportunities to the critic anxious to say a pleasant thing for the songster of the Royal household. Nor must it be forgotten that in his satire called "The Season," published some forty years ago, there were many passages of real trenchancy and force, quite in the vein of Pope's admirable, but not especially poetic work of the same kind.

Some unfortunate things have happened since then; the worst, of course, being the luckless lay of the Jameson Raid, based as it was on the assumption that the famous "women and children" letter from Johannesburg to Dr. Jameson was a genuine document. The piece has been unkindly described by an editor of the *Cape Times* as "a catch now fallen upon evil days of derision." But, after all, it was not very much worse than some of Lord Tennyson's later and more mechanical effusions in the character of national poet.

Mr. Austin has been a briefless barrister, a novelist, a leader-writer, a special correspondent, and even a war correspondent in his day. "The Garden that I Love," one of his few published prose works, discloses one very excellent hobby of his; and angling is another. He is nearly sixty-nine years old, and he publicly deplores "the Growing Distaste of the Public for the Higher Kinds of Poetry."

Mr. Alfred Austin

"With the Long Bow"

By G. K. CHESTERTON

A GOOD LIVING NOVELIST

When I began my last article I intended to introduce to you, supposing that he needs introduction, an exceedingly good modern writer. As a matter of fact I never got to the introduction; because I devoted the whole of my luminous and admirable article to an introduction to the introduction. This is the sort of thing that Sir Walter Scott used to do with his novels; and personally I never objected to it. To have a preface and a preface to a preface and a prefatory note to the preface to a preface—these things affected me merely with the same kind of pleasure which one has in childhood in finding a parcel within a parcel, or a box within a box. It takes a long time to get to one of Scott's novels. It takes a long time to get to heaven. Obstacles on the way to heaven are the romance of spiritual existence; and there was a romance even about the obstacles to Scott's romances. It does not always follow that we dislike a thing because we put it off. There is such a thing in our sentiments as keeping the best to the last; there is such a thing as reserve force; there is such a thing as living through inferior entanglements upon the certainty of hope, such a thing as keeping good wine until now. This remote habit is not peculiar to saints; many saints have put off their best happiness till Domesday; many schoolboys have equally deliberately put it off till Saturday. Most of us had some pleasure which we promised ourselves when we were grown up. Most of us have some pleasure now which we promise ourselves when we are old. All that I ask you to believe is that when a man takes a long time to get to a thing it does not by any means mean that he does not want to get there. It may mean it; that a man lingers and picks flowers on the road may mean that he wishes never to get to his goal. But by an eternal paradox it may mean that it is the hunger of his heart to get there.

So it is with me about this excellent book. Not only could I go on praising it for ever, but I could go on introducing it for ever. In the modern world, however, the best turn to do a book is not to praise it, but simply to name it. I will therefore name it and its author as well.

I cannot make out merely by wandering about Fleet Street and asking everybody I see whether Mr. George Bartram is very well-known or whether he isn't. If he is, I am delighted, if he is not I am if anything more delighted, seeing an honourable fight before me and a mission in life. For Mr. George Bartram, whose book, "The Thirteen Evenings," published a considerable time ago, I have just been reading, is what is called, I believe, in moral phraseology, a great and good man. He is a man who expresses to perfection what I really meant when I put the general title which heads all these articles. What I mean by "The Long Bow" is this: that romance or exaggeration is a healthy and natural thing, like archery. That there is nothing that is more unlike the actual way in which people think and report themselves in a sturdy state of society than the scientific theory or the scientific novel. That there is nothing so unusual in real conversation as realism. In short, that there is no instrument which the honest and ordinary man draws so unconsciously as the long bow. The whole of this very obvious fact about daily life is summed up in the word "yarn." A yarn is a thing which very rough and real people tell, which very rough and real people listen to, and which therefore nobody for a moment expects to be realistic. A splendid exaggeration is expected in it by the splendid spirit of man. Just as an ordinary man would resent what was said to be a grilled steak and yet was raw, just as he would object to a table which was said to have passed through the hands of the polisher, and yet obviously bore no trace of it, so he, the ordinary man, resents the fact of a story being presented to him which is supposed to have passed through the glorious dye works of the human imagination, but which has obviously not done so. The natural, decent, human man does not want a human document; he wants a yarn. And the precise description of the particular work of Mr. George Bartram, of which I am speaking with a belated hilarity, "The Thirteen Evenings," is that the stories in it are distinctly yarns. They are records of real life altered unconsciously, as records of real life would really be altered if they were told by a sailor or a peasant. Unaltered exactitude is a thing obviously artificial, since it belongs to a race of people who can take notes. One cannot imagine such a thing as a Zola or a D'Annunzio unable to read. The highest possible compliment which can be paid to Mr. George Bartram may be expressed in the form that all the thirteen stories in this book of his, might have been told by peasants totally unacquainted with reading or writing. But they would have to be peasants very near to the fairies and the gods.

What I like about Mr. Bartram's work is that he represents pretty completely the attitude of the healthy casual man with regard to unknown and spiritual things. The great objection to the violent atheistic and materialistic campaign which Mr. Blatchford and others wage is not merely that it tends to destroy the ancient human religion. It is also that it tends to destroy the ancient human agnosticism The natural man is naturally incredulous as well as naturally credulous He does not hurry to believe either thing. If you want a good study of the sensible, instinctive relations between English common-sense, and savage wisdom and spirituality, go and read this old book of Mr. Bartram's, published long ago by Mr. Methuen, and read especially the story which describes how the white witchcraft of a black woman cured a white man of his black D. T.

The Vengeance of a Samurai

By Murasaki Ayami

A TRUE STORY

Everywhere the burning topic of the day is the war in the Far East—a tragic happening that has startled us all and renewed our interest in that part of the Orient which has made a name for itself by making such rapid strides in every branch of Occidental civilisation. It is Japan which, for the time being, is monopolising public attention. What the end of this present struggle will be is beyond the power of pen to prophesy; but now, as in centuries past, the soldiers of Japan are plucky, determined, and burning with a loyalty which knows no bounds, as the following little sketch—a true one — may help to illustrate.

Within four miles or so from Yokohama, and yet well away from the toil and din of the busy town, at the back of Kanagawa's bluff, lies the old and half-deserted Raining Willow Temple—half hidden by the surrounding cryptomerias, cherry, and wild camellia trees. In the midst of a thicket of feathery bamboos that dip their stems gracefully to the light summer breeze, is the shrine, once a gorgeous, glittering building, brave with its massive carvings of red and gold, now dimmed and darkened by age. Sweeter with age is the old bronze temple bell that, each night, sends out its deep, yet liquid, notes in a solemn monotone, as the grey-haired bell-ringer swings his wooden staff and chants, in his quavering voice, his invocations of "Namu, Amida Butsu" (Hail and save us, Amida Buddha). To the right of the temple, leading through a deep, shady lane, where the plum and maple trees almost intermingle their leaves and branches overhead, up a stairway of stone steps carpeted with thick, green moss, is the cemetery, where for centuries and centuries past, the villagers have brought the ashes of their dead. Thousands upon thousands of little tombs of grey mouldering stones, covered with lichens, are there to tell the tale of pitiless scourges of disease, famine, and bloodshed which have swept this land of Dai Nippon from time immemorial.

On the morning of September 14, 1862, at an hour when the streets were noisy and crowded with their throngs of clogshod passengers, came Okuromesan, otherwise, the graceful, tall, seventeen-year-old daughter of Yamagata, the proprietor of a neighbouring inn, on her daily errand—the loving tending of her mother's grave. Every morning, the girl—her wee baby brother strapped on her back — wandered out of the dusty sunshine into these slumbering suburbs, there to refill the hollow bamboo at each side of the tombstone with fresh water, and to arrange her tribute of the season's blossoms, often lighting the little incense sticks that diffused their fragrance on the air as the tiny wreaths of blue smoke curled upward. Busily intent upon the arranging of the great white and mauve-coloured iris flowers gathered from the temple ponds, Okuromesan was on this morning startled by the sound of fast approaching footsteps and voices talking in the "foreign tongue."

"By Jove, old man, there is a pretty picture for you, if you like—that native girl leaning over a grave, her lover's, no doubt. They are a romantic lot, these Japs, you know." And the speaker turned to the others of his party with a questioning look, eager for their approval of this chance glimpse of Oriental life.

Mr. Moore and Mr. Richardson, two hale and hearty Englishmen from the leading silk hong in Yokohama, had brought their newly-arrived Scotch friend and his charming young bride just out from Aberdeen, to this quaint and picturesque spot for a picnic tiffin. They had all ridden out on the shock-headed, short-legged ponies brought down from the Hokkaida, which are the best to be had in the way of Oriental horseflesh. With appetites whetted by the brisk canter over the hills, the riders dismounted to enjoy the dainty *al fresco* meal spread out under the fast reddening maples by Tatsu, Mr. Moore's "boy" or butler, who had left town at an early hour, anxious to do credit to his master's entertainment.

Okuromesan's first impulse was one of flight at the brusque intrusion of the foreigners, but, finding that

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impossible, she drew her skirt down from the red sash in which she had tucked it out of harm's way from the dew and dampness, slipped her bare feet into her straw sandals, and advanced towards the party. Two steps from them she fell on her knees, bowing her head to the ground in the customary salutation of the country.

"Hanged if it isn't little 'Black-eyed Susan,' isn't it, Moore? Good-morning, you are a long way from home, aren't you? Why, we know her well, Mrs. Murray. She belongs at the Yamagata inn, where we men often stop for light refreshment on our way to Yeddo. She is a bright little 'Japper,' and it is awfully amusing to talk to her, don't you know. I'll tell her we will stop at the inn on our way home for some tea, and you will just find the quaint little piece of womanhood togged out in her gayest to receive us." And Richardson, greatly pleased with the idea of showing Mrs. Murray a fair specimen of an Eastern hostelry, turned and rattled ahead in his wretched but fairly comprehensible Japanese to Okuromesan, who, hearing that she would soon see them at her father's house, hurried off, eyes sparkling and cheeks dyed a faint tell-tale pink with suppressed excitement.

Tiffin over, the little group of merry-makers were preparing to mount for the homeward trot when Mr. Moore suddenly exclaimed, "Gad! I had forgotten about it, as I bet you have, Richardson, but the authorities came around to the office yesterday and requested that no foreigners should go on the Tokaido to-day, as some high daimyo is going that way, *en route* for Yeddo, and here we silly people are about to commit such a piece of folly through sheer heedlessness. Glad I thought of it in time, aren't you, Murray?"

"Daimyos be——. I never heard of such a rank piece of nonsense in all my life, as if we, a party of law-abiding Englishmen, had got to skulk up a hill, path, or roadside because some swaggering swash-buckler of a native is coming along, is a jolly sight too much of a good thing. I know how to deal with these people, and I say it will be quite all right and perfectly safe to run the gauntlet. The truth is, these petty officials in authority are so afraid of trouble or some international complications, they allow their zeal to go altogether too far. It is Tokaido or die with me; and, besides, we have promised to stop and have tea with little 'Black-eyed Susan.'"

So, after much discussion and urging from Richardson, the party decided to venture on the Tokaido, hoping that the Prince and his guard would have passed ere they joined the main road. Reaching it, they rode along at an easy canter, followed by myriads of gaping, wondering natives. Foreigners were still a rare sight in those days, outside of the foreign concessions, and an Englishwoman on horseback in her long, flowing skirt, was a something almost mythical. They had nearly made the Yamagata inn at Namamugi, when the murmurs of the surging, drifting crowd at their heels indicated some unusual event. Glancing down the street, the riders saw, advancing towards them, a *cortège*—that of Shimadzu Saburo, the great Satsuma daimyo.

"Let us turn back and make for the hills. There may be trouble, Richardson. I don't like the look of all those two-sworded fellows, and it would be wiser to give them a wide berth."

"Nonsense; they are all right. We can rein our horses up along the roadside, and as soon as they have passed we will turn in at 'Black-eyed Susan's.'"

"Well away from the toil and din of the busy town lies the old and half-deserted Raining Willow Temple"

"Each morning Okuromesan wandered out of the dusty sunshine into the slumbering suburbs, on her daily errand—the loving tending of her mother's grave"

On came the procession, with all the glitter and splendour of the daimyo's train—a large body of samurai, or military guards, in their silk and crested coats, broad flowing trousers, the long and short swords thrust into their girdles, and clean-shaven crowns surmounted by the topknot cue, led the way. Then came the great gold-lacquered palanquin, with its metal finishings and crests—heraldic proclamations

"'Black-eyed Susan' in the Garden of the Yamagata Inn, where men often stop for light refreshment on the way to Yeddo"

"A girl's soft voice invoked a prayer, rendered doubly plaintive by the sad chords her fingers seemed to find, and rest on her koto"

of the occupant's noble birth, and seated within was Shimadzu Saburo, the feudal baron. Following, came more retainers and minor officials, all armed to the teeth.

An angry hum spread fast among the daimyo's retainers as they saw a mounted foreigner actually trying to cross their lord's procession, while above their muffled and indignant murmurs rose a cry of, "Good God, Richardson, are you mad? Turn back! Oh, God in Heaven, have mercy!" For there, striving, fighting, and straining in a death struggle, was Richardson in the midst of the two-sworded men, who, striking at his horse, had in one clean blow severed the head from the body, and now flashing blades and fierce looks bode ill for Moore and Murray, who had pushed forward to the rescue of their comrade, shouting out to Mrs. Murray, "Ride like mad and give the alarm in town!" As she

'Visitors to Japan may ride out on the Tokaido road, and see the spot where Richardson fell"

dashed by the retinue, a slash from a shining steel blade just missed her hat, inflicting a severe wound on her horse, but fortunately not laming him, for the plucky little beast kept up his furious gallop, maddened with pain and fright. The two Englishmen, seeing Richardson fall—a dying man, covered with gashes—fought desperately and with renewed vigour, hoping that they might yet make a dash for life or break through the ranks of their assailants, as they spurred and charged their fiery brutes, rendered veritable wild beasts at the smell of blood. At last they outstripped their would-be murderers. Two miles out of Yokohama they overtook Mrs. Murray. A terrible sight were these three hard-pressed mortals as they galloped up the Yokohama streets to home and safety—Murray blinded by the blood streaming in his eyes from a cut in the forehead, and Moore almost fainting from the loss of blood still fast flowing from a wound in his shoulder.

As for poor Richardson, when the princely train had passed by, a young girl ran out from one of the neighbouring houses, sobbing and choking with grief, and over the poor bleeding corpse she laid very tenderly a rough straw mat, hiding the body from the inquisitive intrusion of passers-by. Later, when the great yellow harvest moon arose, full and bright, Okuromesan and her father crept stealthily out from a gate and carried Richardson's body to their home.

The next morning, when friends came out from Yokohama to claim the mortal remains of their comrade, they found three or four of the native death flowers—a large lotus of purest white and pale pink—laid on the poor wounded breast, while the smoke of the sacred incense burning at the little shrine in the corner of the room hung in heavy clouds, and a girl's soft voice invoked a prayer of "Namu, Amida Butsu" to her Buddha, rendered doubly plaintive by the sad chords her fingers seemed to find and linger on—on her Koto.*

Visitors to Japan may now drive out on the Tokaido road and see a memorial stone, with an inscription in Japanese characters, which marks the spot where Richardson fell. A little farther on, and they may call at an inn, where "Black-eyed Susan" the second will serve them with light refreshment, as her heroine mother bows them a smiling welcome.

The cost to the Japanese Government of "this Richardson affair" was an indemnity of £125,000 and the bombardment of Kagoshima.

* A Japanese lute.

The Casing Stones of the Great Pyramid of Egypt, which have Remained Buried for Centuries

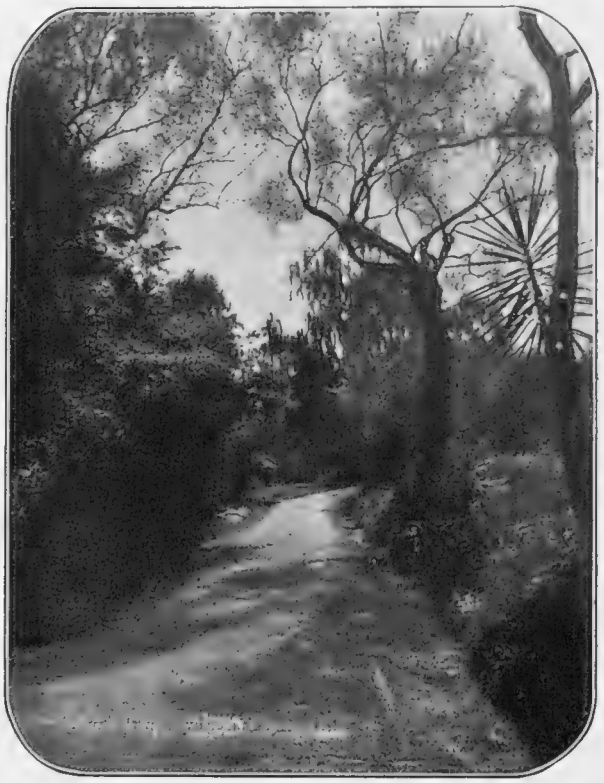
These stones are of polished limestone, the largest being more than 18 feet long. Once they covered the whole of the Pyramid, and were fitted very accurately, all irregularities of surface, even in the parts covered by superimposed casing slabs, having been removed with wonderful care. The result was a finish in the fitting of the stones which astonishes all who have seen them. These stones are at the foot of the Pyramid, just below the entrance to the tomb, but are never shown to visitors by the ignorant and backsheesh-grasping Arab, although they are one of the most interesting features of the monument. The discovery is due to an American, Mr. Dow Covington. The first stone is the largest known stone of the Pyramid

CORFU: THE PARADISE OF EUROPE

General View of the Island Fortress at Corfu, from the Road to "Mon Repos," the Beautiful Residence of the King of Greece
It is separated by the moat shown on page 314, from the town, and on it are barracks, etc.

The late Empress of Austria had a sure eye for beauty when she made herself a residence in Corfu, for of the many lovely islands in the Mediterranean waters there is none to equal this. Well-wooded hills, beautiful gardens, magnificent views across the bluest sea to the Albanian mountains, in an atmosphere, in springtime, of the most limpid—such are the natural attractions of Corfu. The town

Clock Tower and Old Venetian Well on the above Island Fortress



In the King's Garden at "Mon Repos"

is a very fine one, too, splendidly laid out in home-like squares and green places, possessing good hotels and a fine opera house, and dominated by a splendid Venetian fortress, with many signs and relics of the English occupation; there is, indeed, much that invites the passer-by to return for a lengthened stay. There are beautiful walks and drives, fine sport on the Albanian coast near at hand, boating, yachting, and beautiful places to visit quite close at hand. One lies within sight of Ithaca, Cephalonia, and not far from Zante, all of which are worth a trip. The two most usual drives for passing visitors are to the "Kannoni" (named after a small-English fort with "Cannon"), and the late Empress of Austria's palace. The former commands the magnificent view shown below, which speaks for itself. The latter is most beautifully placed on the near hill on the right of the same photograph, that is, on the other side of the gulf which was the old port, the entrance to which is near the spot from which this photograph was taken. From the palace, a splendid view is obtained of the distant Albanian mountains. The terrace is lined with the very finest examples of the work of modern sculptors, and her late Majesty spent quite a fortune on them. The effect of these gleaming white marbles in such an atmosphere is simply perfect. Returning to the town itself, the Council Chamber is worth seeing. It contains portraits of many of the councillors under the British Protectorate, who were of the old nobility of the Ionian Islands, and many of whom were Knights and Companions of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. The whole island bears many traces of the comparatively recent British occupation, and it is very often visited, for the sake of old times,

View from the King's Villa, "Mon Repos": Albania in the Distance

View from the "Kannoni" Island of St. George, near Corfu

On the top of the lower hill, to the right, stands the late Empress of Austria's villa

The Moat Separating the Island from the Main Island

A Giant Cactus in the Courtyard of the Grand Hotel

as it were, by the Mediterranean Squadron, and then the gaiety and brightness of life is greatly enhanced by that gayest and brightest of personalities, the British bluejacket. The main island of Corfu is called Kerkyra by the natives, who are of the very best type of the Greek, and who often regret the day that England, in her might, voluntarily surrendered this and the other Ionian islands. All this is within sixty-eight hours' journey of London, *viâ* the St. Gothard, Milan, Rome, Naples, Brindisi, and by sea thence in one of the excellent steamers of either the Austrian Lloyd or the Florio Rubetino lines, and, with proper management and reasonable social attractions, would be a very serious rival to the Riviera. The King of Greece the a country residence near Kerkyra, called *Mon Repos*, to which he makes a yearly visit in May, and where he is surrounded by a beautiful shady garden, and commands magnificent views from his windows.

View of the Island Fortress, Looking Across the Straits, Towards the Albanian Coast

SOCIETY SMALL TALK

Chorus: "Oh, Jacky, what's the new baby at your house like?"

Jacky: "Oh, clean shaven"

Photo by *A. Ellis and Walery*

Miss Hilda Antony

TWO DAINTY MAIDENS NOW APPEARING

Photo by *A. Ellis and Walery*

Miss Jennie Bateman

IN "THE CHERRY GIRL" AT THE VAUDEVILLE

THE KING'S GIFT TO THE NATION: "OSBORNE,"

General View of the Building

Informally opened on March 6, "Osborne" will, it has been announced, be opened by the King this week as a convalescent home for officers

Photos by] **The Durbar Room** *[Russell*

This room which, with others, was most closely connected with Queen Victoria, is to remain intact

THE NEW CONVALESCENT HOME FOR OFFICERS

The Recreation Room

Photos by *Russell*

One of the Bedrooms

The bedrooms are arranged on the most hygienic principles, all distempered in light colours

TEA LEAVES

She sat listlessly in the drawing-room. Tea had been brought in, but she lay back in her chair indifferently, even lacking the energy to pour it out. She was physically tired, for she had been dancing all the previous night, but it was not this that made life seem so dreary to her—which laid that dead weight of despair on her heart.

She reviewed the events of the preceding evening, and tried to look on them dispassionately. He had seemed so eager to secure her dances—he had been so charming, so delightful, during the first one—it had seemed, from the way he spoke, as if his whole life were wrapped up in her, as if his head and heart were full of her, and he could scarcely bear her out of his sight. At one time they had coupled his name with Laura Forbes's, and she remembered what a detestable girl she had thought her. But now all was changed. "That detestable girl" was there at the dance last night, and he scarcely seemed to know she was in the room.

It had pleased her, too, to see his unreasoning jealousy of Captain Hilton—Captain Hilton, with whom she danced several times because his step went so well with hers, and not because she cared two straws about him. He bored her, in fact—he was the most uninteresting man in the world to talk to—so different—so very different from *him*. He might have known.

And then came his next dance—such a little way further down the programme. And *how* she had been looking forward to it! She had stood and waited for him near her *chaperone*, and—he had never come up. Suddenly she saw him dancing in the centre of the room with Laura Forbes—he was talking and laughing with Laura Forbes. He had actually cut her dance!

A very passion of anger took possession of her, and she turned to welcome Captain Hilton eagerly when he came up to ask her what she was doing standing alone.

Her partner had not appeared, she explained, with a reckless laugh. Of course he might have it—they must begin at once—it was her favourite waltz—too much had been lost already; and, still talking breathlessly, she had been whirled into the midst of the dancers.

And the rest of the evening had been passed in a passion of excitement and anger. All *his* dances had been given to Captain Hilton, and how the evening had dragged—dragged!

He had come up to her once with some story about a mistake, but she would not listen. She waved him aside. "Please, don't apologise," she said airily, "I enjoyed my dance much more as it was. Captain Hilton dances so beautifully." And she was whisked off before he could say any more, and he did not attempt to go near her again.

And so she sat in the drawing-room desolate and dreary. *He* had proved faithless, and there was no more happiness left her in life.

The door opened suddenly and he was announced. In a moment she had started up out of her huddled position. The lassitude left her face and a brightness and hardness came into her eyes.

"Ah, how d'you do," formally. "So good of you to come to-day. Here am I all alone, and consequently indulging in a fit of the 'blues.' One soon gets tired of one's own company, don't you find?"

She threw herself down again in a chair, her pretty chin raised a little higher than usual, while a fever spot burnt on each cheek. Her words came rapidly and breathlessly, as if she were anxious to avoid a pause.

He took a seat opposite her, and looked at her curiously. He had never seen her in this mood before.

"It depends on one's thoughts," he answered. "If one can build castles in the air one's company is very nice, but if, instead, there are nothing but plans for dungeons, they are not pleasant to contemplate."

She gave a little sigh. "Well," she said, "I ought to have very happy thoughts to-day, thinking over the experiences of last night. What a delightful dance it was!" insinuatingly. "Wasn't it?"

"Very," grimly.

"I don't know when I have enjoyed a dance so much," with unnecessary emphasis. "You will have some tea, won't you?"

"Thanks," he answered monosyllabically. He seemed to have no conversation this afternoon. But the fact did not seem to affect her.

"What a good dancer Captain Hilton is," she said enthusiastically. "Far and away the best in the room."

"Is he?" drastically. "I don't know—I have never danced with him."

"I didn't suppose you had," she answered, tossing her head. "But I thought you knew him. He is *so* amusing, and his tales about South Africa are so interesting."

"Oh yes, I know him—well enough, anyhow, to avoid him. As far as I have heard, his tales all centre round himself, and have no point at all. In fact, the only person who saved South Africa seems to

(*All rights reserved*)

be Captain Hilton. I think he is the most consummate bore in Christendom."

She laughed rather artificially. "What different points of view you and I have for looking at things!" she said.

"Yes," he agreed, "for looking at *things*."

She thought it better to change the subject. "And Miss Forbes," she went on, "how nice she looked last night."

"Did she?" without warmth.

"Oh yes," gathering courage. "You can always pick her out in a room. In that red dress yesterday she looked like a pillar box—shape and all." This last with a flash of spite she could not control.

"Yes," he answered diplomatically, "she is growing very fat."

"But then," pointedly, "she dances so well?"

"No. I think she is very heavy," he replied. "I was quite tired when my dance with her was over."

She paused for a moment, but she threw him quite a friendly look. This did not sound much as if he were in love with Laura Forbes.

The silence grew oppressive. *He* did not seem inclined to break it, so she had to hunt about in her mind for something to say. She took up her cup and looked wonderingly at it. "Such a lot of tea-leaves I have," she said, twisting the cup round and round. "Have you ever had your fortune told by tea-leaves?"

He shook his head. "Never," he said. "Do you know how to tell it?"

"I know a little about it," she answered. "My old nurse taught me long ago. She believed in it thoroughly, and it was an extraordinary thing how many of her prophecies came true."

He drew his chair a little nearer hers and held out his empty cup. "Tell me my fortune, please," he said.

She took it from his hand and twisted it round and round, as she had done her own, and then she drained the last drop of tea from it and began gazing down intently into the inside of the cup, so that he was able to look at her sweet face undisturbed.

"I can see a shamrock," she said slowly after a pause of some minutes; "that means happiness, and there is good luck shown several times. There are letters coming for you—one, two, three—and one of them has money inside. There is a journey in the future, but you will not be alone. You will have a companion with you—I think it is a woman. There is also a heart—and a ring." She hesitated for a moment. "*That* means marriage," she said at last.

"Does it?" he cried eagerly. "Ah! now you are promising me the best luck of all. Can you tell me what my wife will be like?"

She shook her head. "I am afraid that is not possible with tea-leaves."

"Oh, do look again," he entreated. "Tell me that her hair has imprisoned the sun's rays, that her eyes are like stars, and that her mouth is the sweetest mouth in the world."

She still gazed into the cup, but she was not looking at the tea-leaves. Her heart was beating so loudly, she was afraid he would hear it. What did he mean? Whom did he mean? *Her* hair was golden, but then Laura Forbes was very fair too.

She twisted the cup round in her fingers. "You have someone in your mind then," she said slowly. "The tea-leaves are true prophets, and your marriage will be soon. Are you engaged already?" And she asked the question with studied carelessness.

"No," he answered with a sigh. "I am too faint-hearted to ask her." He looked down at the girl with his soul in his eyes, but she still kept her head bent and did not see.

"Then you will meet the fate of all faint hearts," she said, trying to speak lightly, "and someone else will come and steal your 'fair lady'."

"But she is so proud, and sometimes very cruel," he said. "I am afraid she does not care for me."

"'Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win, by fearing an attempt,'" she quoted."

He looked at her and his hopes flew high. Words rushed to his lips, but with an effort he crushed them down.

"It means so much," he cried. "I have her friendship now—at least I had it yesterday—if I ask for more, I may lose all."

"But," she said, somewhat haltingly, "you might gain everything."

"Who am I, to expect that such a girl could love me and would be my wife?" he cried, "a girl who has everything—wealth, position, and the whole world at her feet if she desires. Don't you think that the mere idea of my asking her to link her fair life with mine would be presumptuous?"

She was still twirling the cup round and round in her fingers.

"You forget to mention the one thing that really matters—the one priceless thing you have to offer. Surely she cannot be worth winning if your—love does not count for something?"

He looked down at her fair head with its coil of golden hair, and he was silent for a minute or two.

"Do you advise me, then," he said at last, "to speak to her—to ask her to be my wife?"

There was another pause, and the silence grew eloquent. The clock on the mantelpiece ticked aggressively loud. Was it possible that she was holding a brief for Laura Forbes?

"Certainly I do," she answered, and her words seemed to come with difficulty; but she bravely raised her face and looked at him for a second. But her glance wavered, and fell suddenly, for there was that in his eyes which she could not meet.

"I will take your advice," he said quietly. "Dear, will you marry me?"

"I?" she said a little incoherently, for the relief had come so suddenly. Do you mean you want to marry *me*—do you mean to say that *I* am the girl you were talking about just now?"

"Of course I do. As if I could love anyone else in the world after having once met you. Dear, didn't you know—didn't you understand—that I have loved you from the first moment we met, and that it was you I was speaking of all the time?"

She turned her head again and looked at him. A beautiful flush had dyed her cheeks, her eyes were shining, and her whole face was radiant with happiness.

"No," she said. "I—I didn't know. I was so afraid—ah! dreadfully afraid—that—it wasn't."

Auction Bridge

I am often asked, chiefly, I fear, by persons with a morbid appetite for something new, "What is Auction Bridge?" Well, it is bridge with variations adopted chiefly from the Russian national game of vint and the German national game of skat.

THE RULES

1. There is no rubber. Each game consists of four hands; each player has one deal.

2. Instead of only the dealer or his partner being allowed to declare, each player, beginning with the dealer, can declare in turn. The player who makes the highest declaration plays with his partner's hand exposed on the table as dummy.

3. The order of the value of the declarations is spades, 2 a trick; clubs 4, diamonds 6, hearts 8, no-trumps 12, and Misère 14.

4. Honours count to the players winning them in tricks, not to their original holders. When a black suit is trumps honours count 2 each, when a red suit is trumps 4 each. In no-trumps and Misère aces count 6 each. The last ace played counts double, so that one side or other always scores at least 6 for aces. Little slam counts 20, grand slam counts 40, chicane does not count.

DECLARING

Let A be dealer, Y eldest hand, B third hand, Z pone or fourth hand.

1. A, the dealer, has the right of declaring first, or of passing.

2. If he passes, Y may declare, and B has the first right to make a higher declaration than Y's. If B passes, A can make a higher declaration than Y's. If both B and A pass, Y's declaration stands, *B becomes the leader*, and Z lays down his hand, as dummy at ordinary Bridge.

3. If A, the dealer, makes a declaration, Y can make a higher declaration. If Y passes, Z can make a higher declaration than A. If either Y or Z makes a higher declaration than A, *B has the first right* to declare yet higher. If B passes, A can declare higher or pass. If Z made the higher declaration, and A and B pass, A must lead for the first trick, and Y becomes the dummy.

4. If A passes, Y can either declare or pass; if Y also passes, B can declare or pass; if all three have passed, *Z must declare something*, and A has the first right to declare higher if he wishes.

5. Thus, if any player makes a declaration it stands, unless one of his adversaries makes a higher declaration. A player can never declare higher than he himself or his partner has declared unless an adversary intervenes with a higher declaration. There is no doubling. The player who makes the highest declaration occupies the position of the dealer in ordinary Bridge; no matter where he sits, or who has actually dealt, his partner's hand is laid down as dummy, and the player on his left becomes the leader for the first trick.

SCORING

1. If trumps are declared, every trick above six counts towards the game.

2. If the declaring side fail to make the odd trick, it *loses double*. If Z makes the highest declaration, Hearts, and Y Z only make five tricks, A B score double 32 for the two tricks.

3. Honours are scored by the difference, if A B have three honours in diamonds to Y Z's two, A B score 4, since each honour in a red suit counts 4.

4. When No-trumps are declared, the declaring side, after the hand has been played, must hand over one trick to their opponents, and the score is reckoned *by the difference in the number of tricks shown by either side*, not by the number of tricks over six. If A B, the declaring side, have won ten tricks, after handing over one to Y Z, they have 9 left to Y Z's 4, a difference of five in their favour, and they score 60 points.

5. But if A B, after declaring no trumps, only win three tricks to Y Z's ten, after handing over one, they have 2 tricks to Y Z's 11, a difference of 9 against them which count double, so that Y Z score 216.

6. 100 points are added to the score of the winners of the game.

MISÈRE

1. Misère is a no-trumper in which the object is to score *as few* tricks as possible.

2. After the hand has been played, two tricks are given by their opponents to the declaring side, and then the score is reckoned by the difference. Suppose A B declare Misère, and win only three tricks, Y Z hand over two more tricks to them, A B have five tricks to deduct from eight, and score 42, three times 14. But if A B win five tricks and then receive two from Y Z, A B have the odd trick, and it counts double, 28, to Y Z.

3. In Misère honours, the four aces count against the side which wins them in the tricks. As at no-trumps the last ace won counts double, 12, so that A B may win the first three aces and only have 6 scored against them if Y Z win the last ace.

THE HEART CONVENTION

My belief in the soundness of the Heart Convention retains its untarnished lustre. Even the ingenious pleading of the illustrious Mr. Badsworth on behalf of the Highest of Shortest Suit Convention leaves it undimmed. But the other day I came rather to grief over it in a somewhat curious fashion. I cut with a strange partner, evidently an enthusiast, and I explained that I played the Heart Convention. "I know," said the strange partner. "You lead a Heart." He spoke with a singularly bright intelligence, and whenever no-trumps were declared against us, he led a heart. I did not double, but however his hand was composed he led a heart; he led a single heart, he led the higher of two little hearts, and again the highest of three little hearts. When we had lost two rubbers, I suggested that we might have done better had he led in the usual way from his long, strong suits. "No," he said firmly, "when I do a thing, I like to do it thoroughly. When I play the Heart Convention, I lead Hearts." I said no more, for I saw that he was an authority on the game.

"PROBLEMATICUS."

Next week will be given the Solution of our Second Bi-weekly Competition, the Names of the Winners, and a New One-hand Competition for Prizes of £3 3s. 0d., £2 2s. 0d., and £1 1s. 0d.

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Russian Affairs." By Geoffrey Drage, author of "The "Labour Problem," etc. An important work on the internal state of the Tsar's Empire, derived from personal acquaintance with the country. (Murray: 21*s.* net).

"Letters from Japan," by A. M. Campbell Davidson, M.A. Illustrated. (Fisher Unwin: 21*s.*)

"The Society of To-morrow." By G. De Molinari. (A Forecast of Political and Social Organisation). Translated by P. H. Lee-Warner. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"Eleanor Anne Ormerod, LL.D., Economic Entomologist." Autobiography and Correspondence. Edited by Professor Robert Wallace. (Murray: 21*s.* net.)

FICTION

"The Lady Electra." By Robert Barr. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Man in the Wood. By Mary Stuart Boyd. (Chapman and Hall: 6*s.*)

"The Money Maker." By Georges Ohnet. Translated by F. Rothwell. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"The Prince of Lisnover." By Grace Rhys. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

The *Doyen* of the Hunting Field

"Eighty Years' Reminiscences." By J. Anstruther Thomson. 2 vols. (Longmans and Co. London: 1904.)

All good sportsmen will be glad to see that Colonel Anstruther Thomson has published an autobiography. As an ex-master of the Atherstone, Fife, Bicester, and Pytchley foxhounds, and one of the original members of the Four-in-hand Club, it is only to be expected that he should have a very large stock of sporting reminiscences upon which to draw. One of the difficulties in writing a book of this kind is to determine what to include as interesting to the reading public and what to omit, but in this case the author has solved the question by setting down everything, and leaving the reader to take his choice. The earliest of Colonel Thomson's reminiscences dates back to the visit of George IV. to Scotland in 1822; at an early age he was sent to a school at Putney, which in some respects seems to have resembled Mr. Squeers's establishment:

One ceremony . . . . took place every half. We were marched up to Carmalt's desk two and two. Two glasses of a horrid compound of bark were on the desk, and an usher stood on either side. We had to drink the dose, turn to the usher, and put out our tongues to show that we had swallowed it! This was charged in our account "Wine, 5*s.*"

From there he went to Eton, and afterwards paid a short visit to the Continent. His letters are amusing, describing the various quaint characters he met on his travels, including General Seebach, whom he found "standing at a desk reading an English slang dictionary," and his German master, Dr. Weissenborne, who "usually carried a chameleon inside the breast of his shirt." Colonel Thomson first obtained a commission in the 9th Lancers, and afterwards exchanged into the 13th Light Dragoons; but in 1847 he sold out in order to take up the mastership of the Atherstone, and from that time forward devoted himself entirely to hunting. In 1860 he was instrumental in raising the Fife Mounted Rifles, which afterwards became the Fife Light Horse; and in '64 stood for Fife as parliamentary candidate in opposition to Sir Robert Anstruther. But he was not so successful on the platform as in the hunting field, and, finding that he had practically no chance of success, retired from the contest. Some of the most interesting pages of the first volume are formed by the letters written to him by certain of his friends while on service in the Crimea, one of which contains a rough plan to illustrate the famous charge at Balaclava. Of the latter the writer says:

The instant we advanced we were in range, and over went men and horses by threes and fours all the way. We should all have been knocked over, only we went as hard as we could split, and they did not shoot forward enough from the flanks. . . . . Oldham I saw killed by a shell which burst under his horse and knocked over two or three others. It blew his mare's hindlegs off, and he jumped up himself not hit, when next moment he threw up his hands and fell dead on his face. . . . Our wretched remnant, when we got to the guns, went, with such a *right* good cheer, bang through their cavalry, which cut right and left like sheep; on rallying back, there were the guns 400 yards in our rear, all clear, and no one to carry them off—the worst part of all—as a very strong regiment of Lancers came on our rear, and we *had* to *cut* our way through them. . . . We had 110 horses and 8 officers when we went into action. . . . I only brought nine mounted men back!

In another interesting chapter is given the letter of another friend, Henry Loch, relating how the latter was taken prisoner by the Chinese in 1860, and, after suffering great hardships, barely escaped with his life.

To turn to matters more immediately concerned with the author, he has naturally many good stories to tell, and of these not the least amusing are concerned with the more humble members of the many hunts which came under his notice. The following shows how deep-seated are the sporting instincts of the professional huntsman:

Mrs. Cheape had a beautiful pack of hounds. Her whipper in is a Scotchman, and a capital runner. He was sent to church on Sunday afternoon, and Mrs. Cheape asked him how he liked the English Service. He said he had enjoyed it, for when the congregation made the responses, "it *minded* him of the beagles."

This man makes a worthy pair with George Cross, who, when Colonel Thomson was engaging him as kennel huntsman, remarked, "I dinna care muckle for wages; but gi'e me a bellyful o' hunting!" The mention of church recalls another good story of Father Prout, of Watergrass Hill, County Cork:

He was preaching to a crowded congregation of peasants, when three fashionably dressed ladies entered, and *stood* behind

the congregation, listening to his eloquence. He stopped short, and called out, "Boys, why don't you give three *chaires* for the ladies?" "Three cheers for the ladies!" sang out the clerk, and instantly the congregation rose, and made the rafters ring again.

Of all the accounts of his days with fox and staghounds—and there are a good many, for Colonel Thomson rode with a hundred and one different packs in England and Scotland, and seems to have made some mention of nearly every run — the most interesting is that of the famous "Waterloo run," during his mastership of the Pytchley in '66. This run lasted nearly four hours, and which the author sums up as "the best run I ever saw, and over the finest country, and longest distances, straight."

Photo by *Rodgers*

Colonel J. Anstruther Thomson

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During his long career the author naturally met with many mishaps in the field; but the light fashion in which he passes them over shows how little the born hunter recks of such trifles as a broken head or twisted limb. On the whole, though the matter in the two volumes is somewhat compressed, and even occasionally confused, and though, again, there is a great deal which the reader will probably skip as without interest save for the writer, there is much that is entertaining, and even exciting, in the work. Most interesting of all is the personality of the author, who still hunts at the age of eighty-four, and in whose presence Orion himself might well be content with a back seat.

T. A. J.

Books to Appear Shortly

A round fifty guineas is the price demanded for the *édition de luxe* of Mr. George Williamson's "History of Portrait Miniatures," which Messrs. Bell hope to have ready at the beginning of next month. This sum will probably be obtained readily enough, for the collectors of Miniatures—a cult which has made great strides of late years, both in this country and the United States—are usually both enthusiastic and rich. The *édition de luxe* will be distinguished from the ordinary edition—a mere ten-guinea affair—mainly by a frontispiece reproduction of the new miniature of the Queen, specially painted for the work by Mr. Alyn Williams.

Altogether it promises to be a handsome history, worthy of its subject. The Queen obtained for the author special facilities for examining the Royal collections at Copenhagen, and similar permission was accorded by the Tsar, the German Emperor, the King of Sweden and Norway, and the Queen of Holland, with respect to other Royal and Imperial galleries. All the great collections in this country have also been examined, and Mr. Pierpont Morgan is only one of the American millionaires who have allowed the use of their splendid collections. The seven hundred miniatures reproduced in the two volumes form a series of portraits—mostly unknown—of practically every person of importance in English history since the days of Elizabeth, as well as many foreign celebrities.

A fitting sequel to the reminiscences of the two retired inspectors of Scotland Yard, announced in these columns last week, will be the "Autobiography of a Thief," which Messrs. Putnam will shortly publish. The book is described as a genuine human document, containing a graphic account of the criminal life from the thief's point of view. The author's name is given as Hutchins Hapgood, and he tells not only his own career, but also relates the achievements and fates of his friends and accomplices.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

A Prophet of "Ould Ireland"

Mr. W. B. Yeats returned three weeks ago from his sentimental embassy to America, and two more of his "Plays for an Irish theatre" have since been published by Mr. Bullen. It would seem that Mr. Yeats had a very warm welcome among his compatriots in the United States, and believes that Irish America may be as thoroughly aroused to interest in the Celtic Revival as it was to practical support of the political movement in Parnell's great days. Mr. Yeats seems to have given himself to this new crusade with much the same devotion that Mr. Israel Zangwill has shown in the cause of Zion. The new force that is to quicken the national patriotism of the Irish is the revival of the race spirit in literature and religion. Well, we shall see! It is all too dreamily romantic for the British Philistine, but the picturesque side of it must appeal strongly to even the least imaginative Englishman Mr. Yeats is perhaps the most picturesque personality associated with the movement, and although he has not been so thorough as Mr. George Moore in his contempt for all things British, he leaves the unromantic neighbourhood of Euston Road every year for a spell of real Irish air, thus regularly refreshing his tender muse. His is, indeed, a perplexing character, and I do not profess to understand it; for all my preconceived ideas of him were sent awry by his Ibsenite drama *Where there is Nothing*, which seemed to me quite as unsuited for an Irish as for an English theatre. It is difficult to believe that seventeen years have slipped away since Mr. Yeats published his first collection of short lyric plays and poems, and that he will be thirty-nine years old next June.

Photo by **Mr. W. B. Yeats** [*Russell*

Who is the leader of the attempt to revive the race spirit which animates the national literature of Ireland

An Author's Nationality

Although Mr. Yeats has been a resident of London for something like twelve years, we know that he is Irish of the Irish; but the system adopted by Mr. J. H. Millar in his "Literary History of Scotland" might have denationalised him if Mr. Douglas Hyde had applied it in the case of his "Literary History of Ireland." Mr. Millar dismisses Thomas Campbell in a footnote, because the poet removed early in his literary career to London; but he is forced to make an exception of Smollett, who was a mere lad in his teens when he left Glasgow and had written nothing of any value in his native land. Campbell, on the other hand, was a grown man when he settled in London, and had written and published "The Pleasures of Hope" while still in Scotland. Among living authors, the plan of regarding one who has ceased to live and work in his native land as outside his scheme is more rigidly applied by Mr. Millar, and it is thus, I suppose, that so excellent a Scottish novelist as Mr. John A. Steuart is ignored, while resident authors of less note are mentioned. But even here Mr. Millar would not seem to be aware that another brilliant Scottish writer, "Benjamin Swift," has lived in London for a number of years. From what I have seen of Irish and Scottish authors in London the flame of national pride burns brighter in their bosom than it does in "those who stay at home and"—write! I have a suspicion that the high road to the affections of Mr. Millar is to be an amateur of letters and to be incapable of making a living by one's pen.

"Swelled Head"

In a reference to Mrs. Mary Stuart Boyd last week, I quoted a paragraph from her new novel on the subject of "swelled head" as a disease of literary people. Here are two authentic stories which will illustrate one of the symptoms of this complaint. A certain lady who has written a number of clever books, but is really a fashionable amateur of letters, was asked by a London editor the other week to write him six little articles, each of one thousand words. She telegraphed back that she was open to supply half-a-dozen contributions of five hundred words or thereabouts on any subjects she cared to

write about, and her charge would be £120. The offer was declined with thanks. Another novelist, this time of the male sex, was asked for four short articles, also about a thousand words each, and he replied that he would be pleased to write them at a nominal charge of, say, £40 a piece, and asked for an immediate reply, as he had thought of a subject he could write on that night. In both cases £5 per thousand words would have been adequate remuneration, but the value which some of our well-known literary folk place upon their own work is much above what they usually obtain.

Posthumous Fame

I have noticed that quite a number of very successful books published in America during the last two or three years have been written by men who have not lived to enjoy their popularity. "David Harum" was the first instance of this, the author having been dead before his book was accepted for publication; then came another great success in "Alice in Old Vincennes," which contains a pleasant little dedicatory epistle, dated July, 1900, but Maurice Thompson, the writer, was dead in February of the next year, when his book was just beginning to make its way into public favour. One of the latest American successes is a story entitled "Pa Gladden," by Elizabeth Cherry Waltz, who died while her work was appearing as a serial in the *Century Magazine*. Recent literary history in England has no such examples of posthumous fame; for the late George Douglas Brown, cut off so soon, lived to see "The House with the Green Shutters" meet with the most extravagant praise from the critics, and a fair measure of favour at the hands of the public.

Photo by *Beresford*

Mrs. Everard Cotes

The versatile lady journalist and author, who is perhaps better known as Sara Jeannette Duncan

Mrs. Everard Cotes

That delightful writer whom we used to know as Sara Jeannette Duncan, but now as Mrs. Everard Cotes, has just been paying one of her periodical visits to England, where she has many personal friends, not to speak of the thousands who know and admire her through her books. Many people suppose her to be an American; but she is only so in the proper and wider sense of the word. She is a Canadian by birth, having been born at Brantford, Ontario, forty-two years ago. Mrs. Cotes is a bright example of native wit and application, as she trained herself for the teaching profession, but after a short trial of it went in for journalism. Her earliest work as a "newspaper girl" was done for the *Toronto Globe*, and she next joined the editorial staff of the *Washington Star*, only, however, to return to her first paper, where she wrote for a considerable time under the name of "Garth Grafton." Later she became special correspondent of the *Montreal Star*, and wrote for it a series of vivacious letters describing her experiences in a journey round the world. This was the germ of her first book, "A Social Departure," which, appearing in 1890, immediately brought her into wide repute as an entertaining writer. "An American Girl in London" was her next work to meet with ready favour, and as she married Mr. Everard Charles Cotes, an official of the Indian Museum, in 1891, most of her books since then have dealt with her experiences of Anglo-Indian life. She has a remarkable gift for investing descriptions of actual scenes and places with the charm of her own sunny temperament, and in all her books there is that touch of high spirits which bespeaks one who has found the world a very pleasant place to live in.

How to Quote Reviews

It has often been a source of keen amusement to me to notice quotations from reviews I have written gracing publishers' advertisements; for the ingenuity with which the laudatory passages are removed from their context is marvellous. During the last few weeks certain words of mine, concerning a new novel, have been flaring in large type in almost every paper I have picked up, and the publisher, by stopping in the middle of a sentence, and substituting a period for a comma, which preceded an essential "but," makes me say—or, rather, the paper in which I wrote—that the author, whose work I admire intensely, is to be compared with one of our classics, whereas the comparison was only possible when allowing for the utter lack in the living author of one of the qualities which make the master great. In this connection I may give another instance of partial quotation. Mr. Barrie's "When a Man's Single" was advertised for many years as "the best one-volume novel of the year," the source of this opinion being given as the *Daily News*; but, although that paper did use these words, they were preceded by a qualifying "perhaps."

J. A. H.

THE MODERN ZEBRA: "QUIET TO RIDE AND DRIVE"

The Hon. Walter Rothschild, M.P., Driving his Team of Burchell Zebras in Tring Park

Mr. Rothschild presented two of his zebras to the Zoological Gardens, and the greatest interest has been aroused by the attempts which have been made to train the little animals to carry children round the grounds. Much regret was expressed at the recent news that the King's fine Grevy zebra had died at the Zoo as the result, it was stated, of these training experiments

Photos by *Newman*

A Snapshot in the Stable Yard at Tring Park

The Hon. Walter Rothschild's zebras are handled and groomed in the same manner as horses

THE COMING POLO SEASON

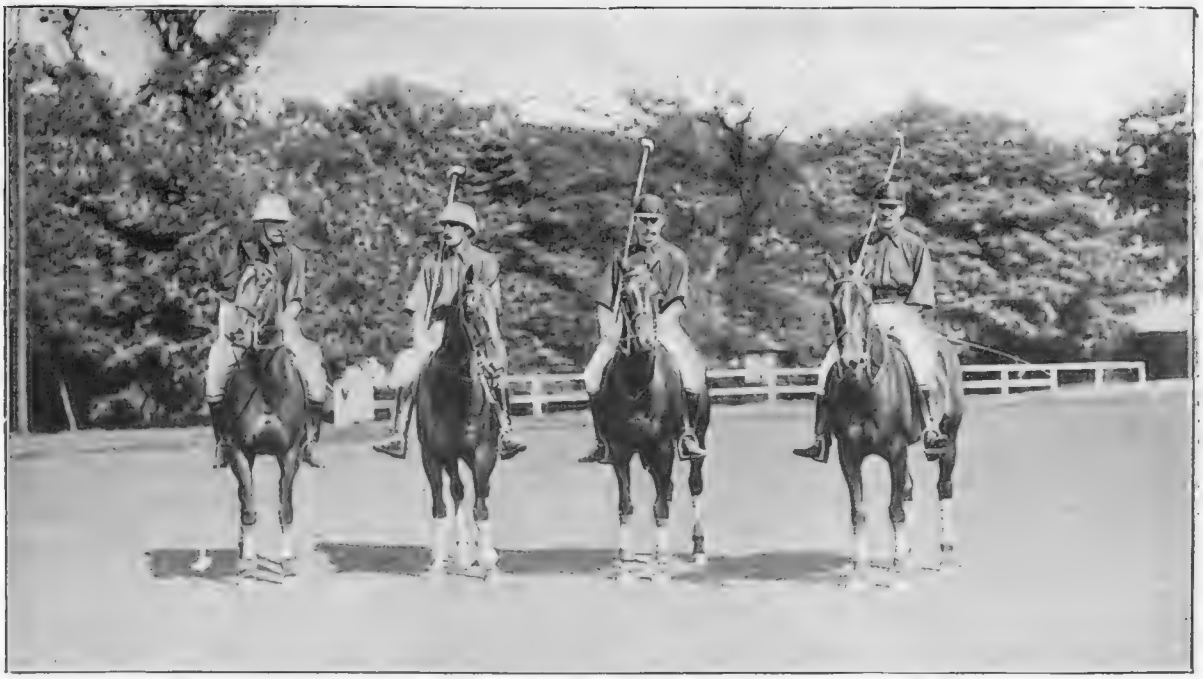
A Retrospect

Before dealing with the coming polo season, it may be well to devote a few lines to the records of last year's play. Although interfered with to a great extent by the weather, polo in 1903 was very interesting, the principal feature being the revival of the Inter-Regimental, which, originally started in 1878, had lapsed during the war. Although the form displayed was, perhaps, hardly so good as in some past tournaments, the competition was particularly successful in point of entries, no fewer than sixteen teams playing. The final, at Hurlingham, resulted in an unexpected victory for the 17th Lancers, and the historic cup was handed to the captain of the team, Colonel Douglas Haig, by the Queen, who had honoured the Club with a surprise visit, while the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the late Duke of Cambridge, were also present. The defeat of the Royal Horse Guards came as a great surprise to most people. The late Captain Reginald Ward, who was playing for them, had been in the Blues' team since 1895. Other noteworthy incidents of the 1903 season were Mr. Buckmaster's accident which laid him by for a month, and consequently disorganised the Old Cantabs' team; the fifth victory of Rugby in the Champion Cup; and the brilliant play of the three brothers Nickalls, whose Old Oxonians' team was completed by Mr. Edgar Brassey, of the 1st Life Guards, or Mr. Waldorf Astor. Curiously enough, there were two other "family" teams playing last year, viz., the three brothers Grenfell for the Pelicans, and the three Messrs. de Las Casas for Tiverton.

Prospects at Hurlingham

The usual attractive programme has been arranged at headquarters, where Major F. Egerton Green, who ran the 12th Lancers polo pony club so successfully, is manager, assisted by Mr. G. L. St. Quintin and Captain F. D. Blacker, who was a well-known polo player when in the 4th Hussars. In 1880 the Prince of Wales gave a gold cup, to be played for by soldiers and civilians. Five a side was then the rule, and the winning soldier team included Captain Blacker and Captain R. St. Leger Moore, of the 5th Lancers, who was afterwards for fourteen years Master of the Kildare Hounds; while the famous players, A. and J. E. Peat, were on the civilian side. Polo starts at Hurlingham on April 25, and there will be a trial handicap tournament during the week. The match ground at Hurlingham, by the way, is in tip-top condition. The popular Social Clubs' Tournament, which, as its name implies, is open to teams composed of members of recognised social clubs in London or country, will be decided between May 9 and May 14. The present

The House Front at Hurlingham

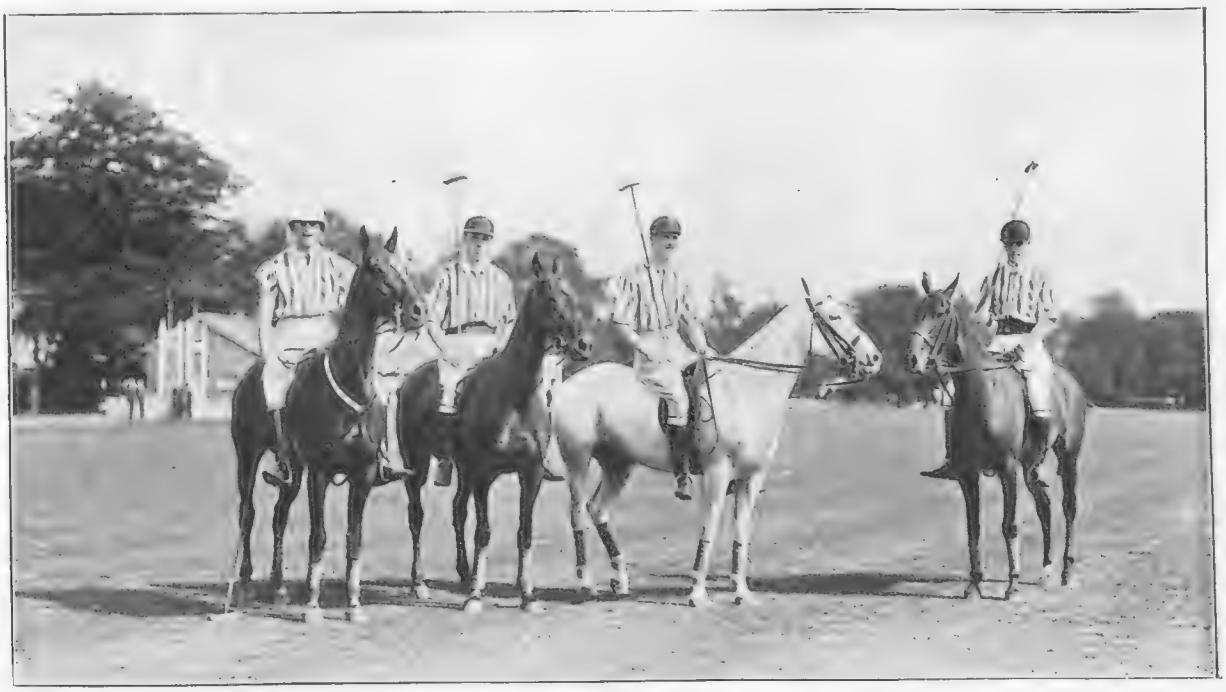


The famous Rugby Team at Hurlingham
Reading from left to right, the players are: Captain E. D. Miller, Mr. G. A. Miller, Mr. Walter Jones, and Mr. C. D. Miller

holders are a White's Club team, composed of Lord Shrewsbury, the Messrs. G. A. and C. D. Miller, and their brother-in-law, Mr. P. W. Nickalls. It was in the final of this tournament last year that Mr. Buckmaster, who was captain of the Orleans Club team, met with his bad accident. The Hurlingham Polo Pony Show is on June 4, and on the following Monday play starts for the Champion Cup. The Oxford and Cambridge polo match, which is, alas, generally a very one-sided affair, is fixed for Monday, June 20. The last six matches played have all resulted in favour of Oxford. The new International Challenge Cup match between the teams representing England and Ireland is down for decision on July 2. This trophy, which was jointly given by some loyal Irishmen and the Hurlingham Club in Commemoration of the King's Coronation, was inaugurated at Dublin last year, when the strongest team that Ireland was able to put into the field was beaten by an England team, consisting of Lord Shrewsbury, the late Captain the Hon. Reginald Ward, Brigadier-General Rimington (sometime captain of the Inniskillings' polo team), and the Hon. Dudley Majoribanks, R.H.G. The cup is to be played for alternately at Dublin and Hurlingham.

The Inter-Regimental

The week alloted in the Hurlingham programme to the semi-finals and final of the Inter-Regimental Tournament is July 4-9. According



The Old Oxonians' Team at Hurlingham
Reading from left to right, the players are: Mr. Edgar Brassey, Mr. C. P. Nickalls, Mr. P. W. Nickalls, and Mr. M. Nickalls

Mr. W. S. Buckmaster

to the new rules, the preliminary ties, to save time and expense, are played off locally at various military stations, a plan which was last year found to work admirably, and which was doubtless responsible for the large number of entries. The expenses of all competing teams are defrayed by a grant from the fund derived from the play of the semi-final and final ties, and from the preliminary ties, on local grounds, too, where possible; the annual surplus, after deducting all expenditure, is given to military charities. At the last meeting of the Tournament Committee a new sub-committee for 1904 was appointed, consisting of Major Lord Charles Bentinck, 9th Lancers, chairman; Major J. Vaughan, 7th Hussars; and Major G. K. Ansell, 6th Inniskilling Dragoons; Major Stanley Barry, 10th Hussars, continuing to act as honorary secretary. The rule as to the number of ponies allowed per team has been altered. Out of an unlimited list of ponies—the bona-fide property of officers of the regiment—to be sent in by May 20, eighteen shall be nominated one day before the tournament starts, and may be played in the preliminary ties, but only fifteen of them can be played in the semi-final or final. Eventually it is hoped that all the ponies ridden by competing teams will be trained in the regiment. The 17th Lancers, holders of the Cup, will this year be without the services of their captain, for Colonel Douglas Haig, who also once helped the 7th Hussars to win the Cup, in the eighties, has gone out to India as Inspector-General of Cavalry. The Blues have also two vacancies in their team, one caused by the sad death of Captain Ward, and the other by the resignation of the Duke of Roxburghe, who left the Service on his marriage. Another famous soldier-player who will not be playing here this season is Lieutenant-Colonel De Lisle, for he has gone out with his new regiment, the Royals, to India. Major Lord William Bentinck, of the 10th Hussars, who died this winter while on his way out to rejoin his regiment in India, was well known to the polo world. Like his brother, Lord Charles Bentinck, of the 9th Lancers, recently appointed Commandant of the School of Instruction for Officers of the Imperial Yeomanry at Aldershot, he had played in many an Inter-Regimental, and helped the 10th Hussars to win the Cup in 1893.

The County Cup.

Lord Charles Bentinck was for two years president of the County Polo Association, being succeeded this year by Lord Harrington, M.F.H., who has been on the Hurlingham Polo Committee since 1887, was in the Peats' champion Sussex team of 1892, and is still a keen player, despite his sixty years. The Hurlingham County Cup was instituted in 1885, and Lord Harrington was in the Gloucestershire team which won that year, and also in 1886, the Derbyshire team, which had a walk-over the following season, and the Barton team, which won in 1889. Subsequently, such well-known players as Mr. Gerald Hardy, Mr. John Watson, M.F.H., the late Mr. W. J. Drybrough, the great Rugby back, and his brother, Mr. T. B. Drybrough, Major Egerton Green, Messrs. G. A. and C. D. Miller, Captain Renton, and Mr. Buckmaster figured in the winning teams: but entries began to languish, and so the County Polo Association was formed, and it was decided to play off the preliminary ties locally, with

the result that the tournament was once more firmly established in favour. Another wise move was the exclusion of the best players, so as to give the genuine provincial clubs a fair chance of winning. The first winner under the new conditions was the now defunct Chislehurst club, represented by the three brothers Nickalls and Mr. H. Savill, and in 1899 Stansted were successful. The latter team was captained by Mr. Tresham Gilbey, who practically founded this Hertfordshire club, as well as the County Polo Association. Owing to illness, he has played but little polo of late, and is at present abroad under doctor's orders. A Rugby team was in 1900 captained by Sir Humphrey de Trafford, whose trap accident last autumn has also put him on the sick list. Next, Eden Park, a Kent club near Beckenham, gained two successive victories. Last year the Blackmore Vale Polo Club had a well-deserved and popular win. This sporting club has made astonishing strides since it was started in 1899, and has now no fewer than four grounds, permitting of play in any weather. They also have a very successful Open Tournament in August. Their county club team last year included Mr. John Hargreaves, M.F.H., a great all-round sportsman, who played in the 15th Hussars' team in 1890; he is an enthusiastic motorist, and has been chosen to drive a car for England in the forthcoming eliminating trials for the Gordon-Bennett Cup. Another erstwhile soldier who is to drive a car in these trials is Mr. A. Rawlinson, who played for the 17th Lancers when Captain E. D. Miller did, and is, at his best, one of the most brilliant players in the country.

Ranelagh

On the other side of the river, at Barnes, the Ranelagh Club has also issued an ambitious programme of tournaments and matches. Mr. F. A. Gill, late 3rd Dragoon Guards, will this year be assisted by Captain L. C. D. Jenner, late 60th Rifles, as joint polo manager. The polo grounds—a third one has been laid out since last year—will be opened for play on Thursday, April 14, weather permitting. There is a handicap tournament from May 4 to 7, while the Hunt Challenge Cup is fixed for the week commencing May 16. The final for this cup is now always contested by the Pytchley and Warwickshire, and the trophy, according to the conditions, has been held since 1902 by Lord Willoughby de Broke—as Master of the last-named Hunt, whose representatives had a walk-over last year. The conditions of the Army Cup (May 30 to June 4) are to be published later. The week following is given to the Novices' Cup. The Ranelagh Open Cup, which shares with the Hurlingham Champion Cup, and the Dublin Open Cup the distinction of being the only absolutely "open" tournaments in the United Kingdom, will be played between June 20 and 25; the Old Cantabs are the holders of this Challenge Cup, which was originally presented in 1897 by the golf-playing members of Ranelagh. The new Hunt Tournament, which must not be confused with the Hunt Cup mentioned above, for the Cup finalists are barred, begins on July 11, and ends on the 16th, when there is also a match between the winners of the Inter-Regimental Cup and "The Army," and polo pony races to boot. The Subalterns' Cup still

Lord Harrington

The Veteran Polo Player

Captain E. D. Miller, Rugby Team

Mr. Walter Jones, Rugby Team

figures on the Ranelagh programme (July 18 to 23), although it has not been played for since 1899, when the winners were a 7th Hussars' team captained by Mr. (now Major) John Vaughan, who had earlier that season helped the 7th to win the Inter-Regimental Cup.

Roehampton

This club, which lies on the opposite side of Barnes Common, gets in a wonderful lot of play during the short season of three months, for there are no fewer than twelve matches weekly, to say nothing of members' games and the regimental games of the Household Cavalry. The season opens on April 30. The Polo Pony Show is on Friday, May 27, and during that week there will also be a Handicap Tournament, while last year's grotesque "donkey polo" matches are to be repeated on June 18. As usual, all the leading Roehampton tournaments will take place during the last month of the season, commencing on June 27 with the Junior Championship Challenge Cup, presented by Mr. W. A. Hazard, the secretary of the United States Polo Association, to commemorate the visit of the American polo team to England in 1902. The Cup, which is open to all players except those in the Hurlingham Recent Form List, was won last year for the first time by the same team which represented the Royal Horse Guards in the Inter-Regimental Tournament, viz., Mr. Harold Brassey, the late Captain Reginald Ward, the Duke of Roxburghe, and the Hon. Dudley Majoribanks. There is also a pony race meeting on July 2. The Public Schools Cup, which was started by the Messrs. Miller at Ranelagh, in 1901, and transferred to Roehampton when that club was opened the following year, is open to teams of "old boys," each of whom must have spent at least two years at the school represented by the team. Three times has this popular tournament been played, and on each occasion the winners have been Old Marlburians, a team consisting of Captain L. C. D. Jenner, Mr. E. B. Sheppard, and the Messrs. George and Charles Miller. Captain E. D. Miller was at Harrow, and played against his brothers in the final last season. A new Cup is presented every year, so the headmaster of Marlborough has now three "pots" in his custody.

The Club House at Ranelagh

The last week of the season is devoted to the Roehampton Cup, which is open to teams with not more than two Recent Form players. The holders are a past and present soldier team of Magpies, made up of Captain L. C. D. Jenner (late 60th Rifles), Captain G. Heseltine (the Carabineers), Captain Hardross Lloyd (late the 4th D. G.'s) and Mr. U. O. Thynne (late 60th Rifles). Mr. G. A. Miller, who had a severe pig-sticking accident in India, is now convalescent, and by the time these lines are in print will have reached home with his brother, Captain E. D. Miller, the polo manager of Roehampton. Mr. C. D. Miller, the secretary of the club, has been ill, but it is to be hoped that he will be quite restored to health ere his third season starts.

L. V. L. S.

The Largest Trout-Hatchery in the World

The largest piscicultural establishment in the world, producing over twenty million trout ova yearly, does *not* happen to be in America! It is situated just outside Stirling, Scotland, and is known as the Howietoun Fishery. It has been mainly instrumental in "planting" trout ova in all parts of the world; from it other British fish-culture establishments obtain a very large proportion of the ova handled by them; and, in addition, many scores of thousands of two-year old and yearling trout are reared and dispatched from it, season after season, to waters all over the British Isles.

The construction of it was first undertaken in 1873 by the late Sir J. Ramsay Gibson Maitland, Bart. Only those who know how critical the position of our game fish preserves used to be, can fully appreciate Sir James Maitland's work.

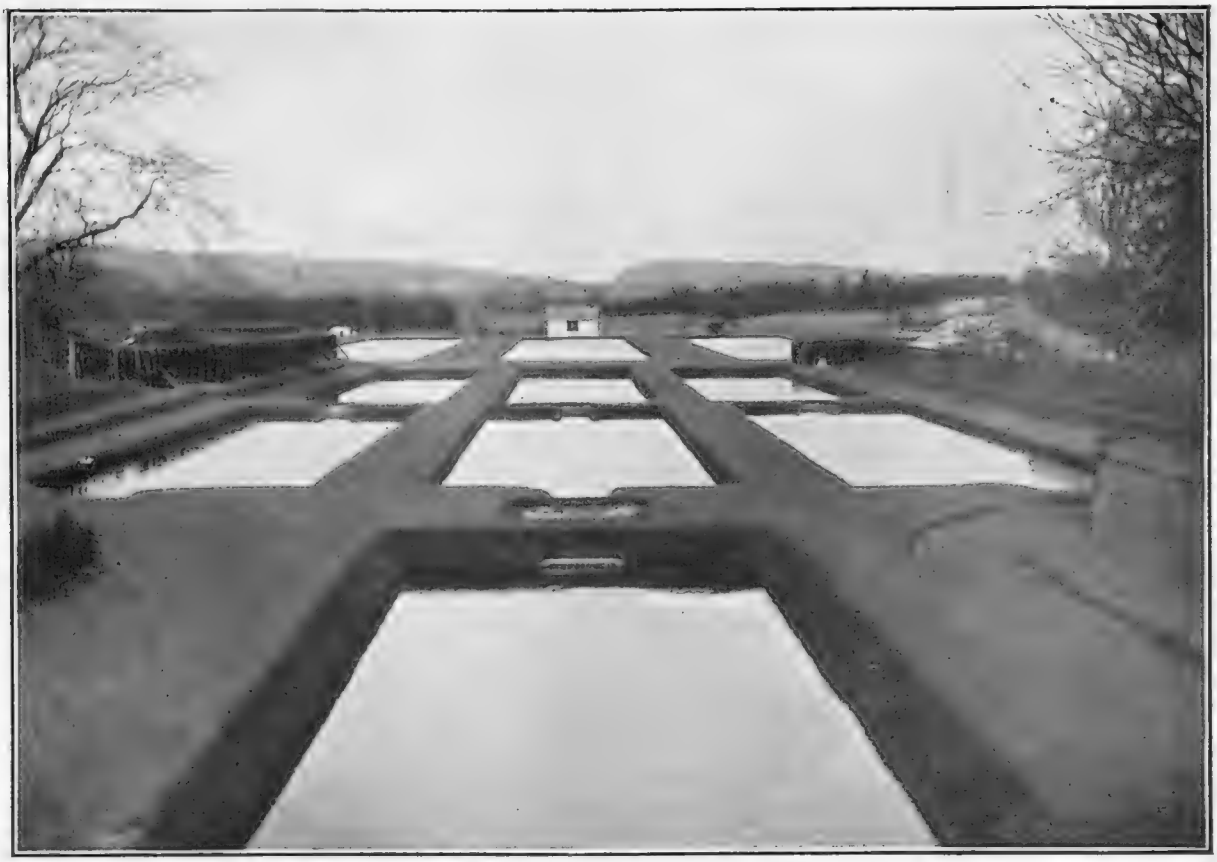
By a perfect system of sluices, screens, side channels, etc., the whole of the water supply is under perfect control; and this is another important matter, for not only has the quantity of water flowing over the ova to be nicely adjusted, but also the lowering of the water in the ponds, for the purpose of getting the fish out, cleaning the ponds, etc., has to be allowed for; and, further, floods must be guarded against.

The process of hatching is carried out on glass *grilles* of special design, contained in rows of boxes, these being found the most practical devices for handling such an enormous number of eggs. When the eggs are hatched, the *grilles* are removed from the boxes; the young fish, however, remain until the next stage, when they loose the umbilical sac and start to feed. As soon as it is ascertained that they are actually feeding, they are removed from the boxes to small "fry" ponds n the open, through which a constant and ample supply of water flows. They are then transplanted to other larger and deeper ponds, until finally they reach the high distinction of becoming stock fish, or are sent away to stock some sporting water.

When live fish are to be sent away they are first netted out of the pond and then conveyed to the dispatching house, where they are placed in large boxes containing water. When the time for dispatching arrives, the boxes are nearly emptied of the water in them: the men lift a box and simply tip the fish into a carrier, *i.e.* a can of special design in which the fish travel. These cans are placed on a trolley, and less than an hour's journey by road takes them to Stirling Station, where they are received by the railway officials, who from long experience, have made all the necessary arrangements, so that the fish arrive at their destination with all possible dispatch. When it is stated that it is quite unusual to lose more than two or three per. cent. of fish over a very long journey, it speaks volumes for the class of fish sent out, and the manner in which they are conveyed.

One of the Hatcheries at Howietoun, Scotland

The eggs are placed on glass grilles, contained in rows of boxes. When the eggs are hatched the grilles are removed, and when the young fish start feeding they are removed to small ponds in the open



General View of the Stock Ponds

After serving their time in the small "fry" ponds, the young fish are transported to the deeper stock ponds preparatory to being dispatched to stock some sporting water

A Dispatching House

The process of despatching is simplicity itself. The fish are tipped from the boxes shown into a carrier specially designed for railway transportation

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS.

The Race

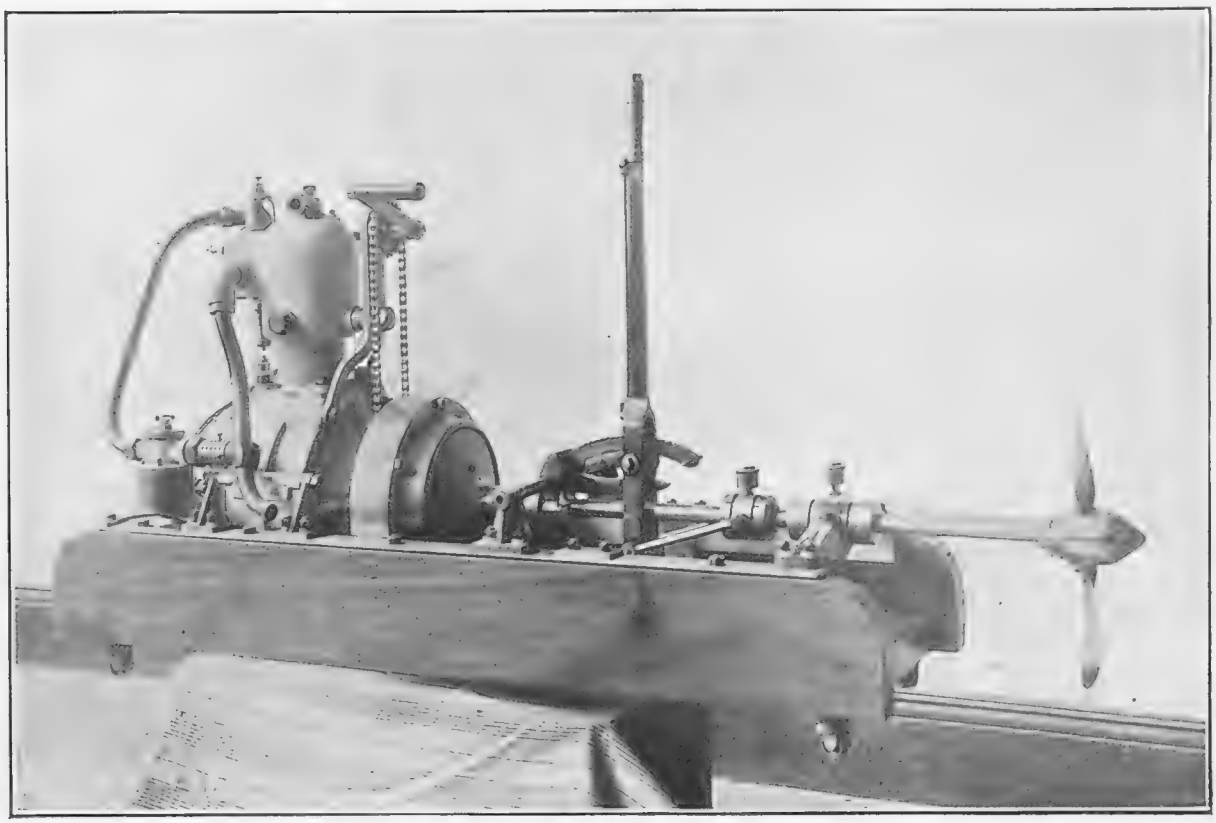
The spring is again with us, the snowdrop and the crocus have appeared, and now that hardy perennial, the Gordon-Bennett Race, crops up once more. Deep is the despair of many a journalist, hard gravelled for lack of "copy," lest this great event should not have its trials run off among the merry Manx men. Will not "the industry" be paralysed, the foreigner get a fresh lease of his automobilistic position of proud pre-eminence, and other dire things happen to "the trade"? I doubt it. How many British firms, after all, *are* interested in all this foolishness? Not half a dozen. Races are not necessary *now* to teach us how to build motor-cars.

A Warning

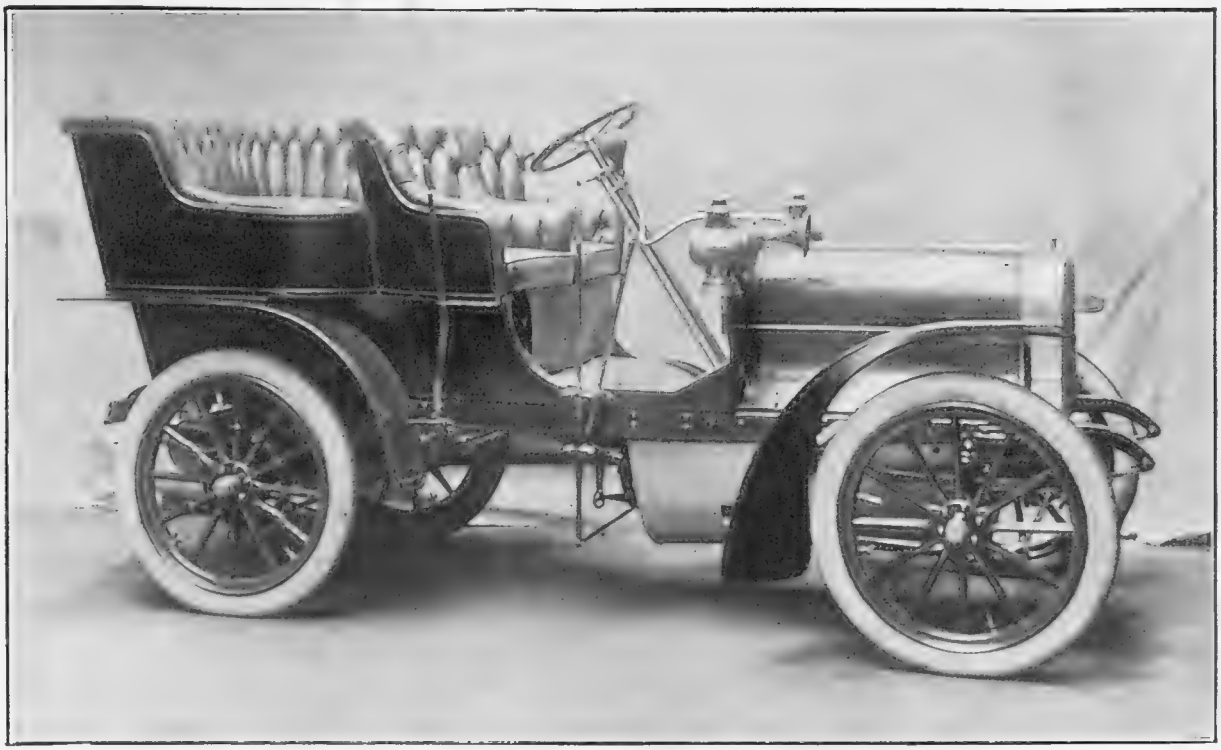
In perusing the recent proceedings of the general meeting of the Automobile Club, the chairman made the somewhat startling statement, with reference to the large reserve for bad debts for *Journal* advertising, "Well, the automobile trade is very bad at the present time. There are so many going into liquidation that one has to make provision." If this is true, it is extremely regrettable, but not altogether surprising. It is of no use for the baker to try and force fancy bread down the unwilling throat of the consumer when what he wants is "best household." The public, *quâ* public, desire sensible household motor-cars, more especially in view of recent legislation, and freak automobiles have but little attraction for the ordinary man. A few enthusiasts may buy them, but such a market is, and always will be, extremely limited.

"Reform"

"Congratters," as they say at the "'Varsity," to "The Hon. John." After working like a Trojan on the new Act in the interests of all sensible men, the *A. C. Club Journal* turned and tried to rend Mr. Scott Montagu, but he lay low and kept on sayin' "nuffiin." Now he comes with a rush at the post, gets in his Reform Committee, and with a whoop, upsets the effete apple cart altogether. New men are in—let us hope that we shall see new methods in the future, and that the Automobile Club will at length have the confidence of all mechanically propelled persons, of *every* class whatsoever.



The De Dion Bouton New 6 h.-p. Launch Motor, Direct Driving, with Reverse and Friction Clutch Operated by the Handle



The "Argyll" 10 h.-p. (2 Cylinders) Double Phaeton Motor Car, 1904 Model

Interesting Statistics

Although technical details of motor engine construction are perhaps *caviare* to the general, yet a large number of amateurs who make these matters their hobby will be profoundly interested in a paper recently read by Mr. R. E. Phillips, M.I.M.E., etc. In it some particulars of no less than ninety-five cars are carefully tabulated under twenty-five headings, comprising h.p., bore and stroke of cylinders, revolutions, piston speed, diameter and lifts of inlet valves, area of induction pipe, velocity of charge through same, similar details regarding exhaust valves, and velocity of exhaust gases. This is so complete and altogether illuminating that it is well worth framing for reference, and Mr. Phillips deserves the thanks of the community. It is published in the *Automotor Journal* of March 12, and I would invite any inquirer as to what constitutes efficiency in the various efficient engines therein alluded to carefully peruse it, to cast his eye down the column showing the amount of lift given to the inlet valves in the different types to procure the best results. Charge velocities vary as much as from 58ft. to 448ft. per second through the induction pipe, exhaust gas speed varies almost as much, and the proportion of automatic to mechanical valves 36 to 57, and altogether it is evident that there is a good deal more in the design of a motor engine that at the first blush appears possible to the inquiring novice.

Motor Gypsies

Motor caravan touring is to be "all the go" this summer. The car is "to carry about twenty-five passengers and have the kitchen on the roof." The interior is to be fitted with "revolving saloon steamer chairs" and "powerful but diffused acetylene lamps are to shine through the windows." More than this—"Sleeping accommodation is provided inside for the ladies and a tent is carried for the gentlemen," and the caravan is "to travel 100 miles per diem with ease." As a sequel, "all will be able to appreciate the exquisite pleasure to be obtained during a week or two spent in this manner"—at least so they *say*—in the *Daily Mail*."

The "C. T. C."

The old Cyclists' Touring Club, having for many years performed gratuitously the duty of labelling all dangerous hills as such, a matter that, of course, should have been undertaken by the highway authority, now offers most generously to present these sign boards to the local councils, so relieving the rates. A sound, sensible body, the "C. T. C.," run by a level-headed secretary, and the Motor Union may now well begin to copy some of its excellent methods.

A Pneumatic Revolution

Any public-spirited individual who with great effort endeavours to benefit his suffering fellow-creatures by writing Automobile Topics on missionary lines is greatly exposed to the attacks of inventors. I have received a bulky parcel from a gentleman who has "solved the pneumatic tyre difficulty" once again. He "works on Nature's lines, all in circles," and puts the pneumatic business in the hub, where it is out of the way, instead of on the surface of the ground, as at present. Best of all, "if in war this is damaged by a bullet or by a *bayonet thrust* (I thought it was only Surrey J.P.'s who desired to bayonet motor-cars), the wheel may be made solid in two minutes." In this, as there was in the Dunlop tyre, there may be a huge fortune, but I have not wit enough to know about it for *certain*. Will some enthusiastic reader relieve me of this matter and attend to it? I warn him, however, that the ink shed will be fearful. C. G. Matson.

INTENDED FOR THE "HOUSEHOLD HA'PORTH"?

(Being paragraphs which have found their way by mistake into The Bystander *Office)*

Park Lane Pars.

The Opening Season

Heigho! at last the Season opens. Where have you been, dear reader? Do you know I tried an experiment this year? I stopped in town. Really I did! And you are, of course, wondering what town really is like at such a time. Well, I can only say, like my dear friend "Sophie," Dowager Duchess of Nonest, that "it beggars description." Sell your horses, deprive yourselves of servants, forego even Park Lane, but don't, oh! don't stop in town as I did.

The Responsibility of Jewels

I am sure the title to this par. will, as it has done before, strike dread into the breasts of my readers. How well we know that the possessor of costly gems must bear a cross of quite large proportions upon her white shoulders. What is your own special method of safeguarding the glittering pets belonging to you? Can you trust me with the secret? I would love to know. Lord "Charlie" Kwitewrong gave me an awfully good solution of the difficult question the other day. I thought it so naïve and "trentcent." "Pawn 'em," was the reply. Wasn't that awfully "smartish," as our dear Sailor Duchess would say?

Heart Troubles

Sweet Seven.—I think you are just a little young to accompany that "dearest boy in all the world" to Brighton. What would his people say, do you think, or is he, like you, "all alone in the world?" Why not wait another week, and see if you are still as dear to one another? Remember, "Sweet Seven," "to be off with the old love, etc." What *did* become of that fair-haired gentleman you wrote to me about a few weeks since? I do hope he went to no terrible extreme.

Kitten.—No, Kitten; of course, at forty-nine you are by no means "on the shelf." What put the idea into your girlish head? Do tell me. How sad that was about your last gentleman. I cannot understand the doctor's remark about senility; surely your late lover at eighty-four was but in his prime. I can hardly make out the reason for your bosom friend being hurt at the remarks passed upon her false fringe. Of course she deserves it. I can readily conceive how your own "lovely golden and natural curls" become that "petite saucy pink oval" which you describe.

Love's Passion.—How your tender heart must be bursting with anguish to know my answer, but, of course, dear, I can only reply by post if six penny stamps are enclosed with your letter. Has the young gentleman spoken to you yet? How nice it is to hear that "he looked back twice and went very red." I feel sure his heart beats passionately in unison with yours. No! "Love's Passion," do not let him propose at the first meeting—keep him in doubt. Remember, dear, not to let that other "elderly and rich gentleman" influence your dear, tender love. Was his address 4 or 44? I tried both without success.

Supper Snacks

A Good White Stock.—Required: One large haricot bean, 2 quarts of rain water, salt and pepper to taste. Shred the bean into quite small pieces and when the water is at boiling point carefully drop a fragment of it into the liquid every five minutes. Stir carefully or the stock is liable to thicken and spoil. N.B. A spoonful of this stock in a glass of cold water makes a refreshing drink for those who suffer from that "run down" feeling after dinner.

Poor Man's Pottage.—Required: 2 quarts of cream, one pint of old sherry, a small fowl, 1½ pts. new milk, ½ pt. of champagne. Take the fowl and parboil in the champagne. Now carefully remove all the meat from the breast only and mince with the cream. Let this simmer until it boils, and then add the sherry and new milk mixed in equal proportions. Serve with a garnish of boiled natives.

Furnishing Facts

. . . . The next problem is how to suitably furnish the drawing-room on 5*s.* 2½*d.*, this being the exact amount allowed by our schedule. Don't sit down and cry "It can't be done." Dear girls, it *can* be done. Listen! Let us first attack the furniture itself. At Tidd's and Snuffer's last spring sale I descried in a far off corner a delightful little table, slightly shop soiled, marked 6¾*d.* "Marvellous!" I hear you exclaim. "Not at all," say I. It simply means a constant searching for bargains, for, look, side by side with this table were quite ordinary paper fans, marked 18*s.* each. See how you can, in time, learn to pick the dross from the gold. And so we have one article already for our drawing room! Are you a lover of those delightful little "snuggly" armchairs which the now world-famed 6½*d.* shops have in such abundance? If so, it behoves you to purchase two of these, one for hubby—of course, you would not wed a fat man—and one for yourself. It would be wise to purchase your curtains of Shovers and Leanem's—I believe they advertise in this paper—because you save all middleman's profits and obtain the article at first cost. Shall we, then, say one shilling for the curtains? Even this low sum will, I am sure, leave a few pence wherewith to purchase a dozen yards or so of that delightful art ribbon which you can obtain most easily at any oil-shop in your town. We could now enter with a light heart into the question of carpets, but I hear my editor's warning note, and I must reserve this delightful topic till next week's "H. H." comes to delight us all.

The Play in London By "SNEER"

SIR FRETFUL: My dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do yours.—*The Critic.*

Long before these lines appear in print *Love's Carnival* will be added to the category of dear (in the sense of expensive) dead things, and the St. James's Theatre will be given over to a revival of *Old Heidelberg*. With the most praiseworthy honesty, Mr. Alexander promptly announced the "failure" of the new production and as promptly withdrew it, but why he ever produced it at all is one of those things which no fellow can understand. It is a gloomy, dreary play, overloaded with details of German military life which no one in this country cares about sufficiently even to attempt to understand. There is no character in it in whom it is possible to take the smallest interest; it is dismal, tedious, and long-winded, while the emotional passages are so talked away that the audience yawn instead of weeping.

It is always easy to tell when an audience is bored. At a rough calculation about ninety per cent. develop bad coughs. An irreverent friend of mine said he never heard so much coughing out of church, and I can well believe him. *Love's Carnival* was truly coughed off the stage, and I wish nothing worse to happen to any play. We liked *Old Heidelberg* because it was a charming fairy tale, but these tiresome young officers whose code of honour necessitates their behaving dishonourably, who are eternally drinking champagne until they are tipsy and then taking beer to steady themselves for another attack on the champagne, they are worse than wicked, they are vulgar, and they are worse than vulgar in that they are bores. However, Mr. Alexander has wisely and kindly sponged the slate, so let them rest. I do not doubt that he still thinks *Love's Carnival* a fine play, but he will not worry us to agree with him. London is a little tired of this frozen meat in the form of foreign plays.

I notice that almost every week some individual, whose sense of humour is about on a par with his or her knowledge of the drama, arises to talk about the sorry condition of the British stage. Poor English drama, it only needs rest and quiet. If it dies it will have been talked to death. There is nothing really to be done for it, except urge our dramatists to cease talking and write better plays, and suggest to our actors that they should act better. There is a temporary lull just now, but if these carping critics chose to reflect, they would realise that the drama has made enormous strides during the past twenty years. Let them reflect on the plays of twenty years ago and take comfort to themselves. Let them also reflect that talking never improved anything.

Talking is the first and last resort of the futile. The people who are really doing anything for the drama are not adding their signatures to hetereogeneous collections of names, but are quietly working. An Orchardson and a Millais have not chattered about how to improve British painting; an Alfred Gilbert has not stuck his signature to absurd memorials praying for the betterment of British sculpture. In the retirement of their studios these, and many others, have done much to make British sculpture and painting world famous. Will no one call, "Silence, gentlemen! A little less talk and a little more work"?

I am tempted to say all this because it is the tendency, nowadays, to say that the public doesn't want good work—that one and all are condemned to write down to the popular taste. Far be it from me, as the old lady said, to offend anyone, but this, of course is blatant nonsense. The public prefers a good musical comedy to a bad problem play. Good dripping is better than bad butter, but the pit and gallery love good butter when they can get it. Good butter might easily be made in England, although at present we import it from Scandinavia, like Ibsen.

I am tempted to say this much because one prominent and sapient critic has explained that the pit and gallery demand bad plays and bad acting. Again I say nonsense. There is hardly a first night during the past twenty years at which I have not been present in some part of the theatre, and, believe me, the shrewdest criticisms you hear are in the pit and gallery. Will anyone mention a fine play produced in London during this period that has not met with appreciation, or a fine piece of acting that has not been applauded? The fine play may not always have enjoyed a long run, but it has always been appreciated. Two of the most original forces on the British stage during this period have been Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Mr. J. M. Barrie. Has the much-abused unintelligent British public been backward in its appreciation? The bank-books of both these gentlemen, I fancy, would give a most emphatic "No!"

By the way, I have a suggestion to make to the young dramatist in search of an idea. Let him go to Japanese literature for a subject which will make a good Japanese comedy drama—some simple, pathetic little story of love or heroism is what is wanted, and, deftly handled, I am sure the result would be a play which many a London manager would take. It is not a melodrama that is required, nor a burlesque, still less another version of the naval officer who makes love to a Japanese maiden and sails away. Our Allies are brave and clever. They make love and intrigue much as we do ourselves, and they have an underlying reserve in their characters which it is difficult to fathom. Surely there is material here, and, if anyone can do it, there is an admirable Japanese comedy to be written. All I ask for this suggestion is a box for the first night.

St. Fagan's Castle

Our photographs this week are of the beautiful gardens at St. Fagan's Castle, near Cardiff, one of the seats of Lord Windsor, where all kinds of gardening are carried on with knowledge and success. The photograph of the terraces was taken in spring, and misses the effect of the contrast between the sombre tones of the yews and cypresses and the delicate green of the deciduous trees. The old wall at the top of this fine series of terraces has fig-trees trained along it, and the border at its foot is planted with a lavender hedge. The stone-flagged court in the first photograph is ornamented with barrels covered with the blooms of ivy geraniums. This system was first used for growing strawberries. Holes are bored at regular intervals in the sides of upright barrels filled with soil, and the plants grow out of them. The illustration shows how successfully the idea may be adapted to the growing of suitable table flowers, for there is very little of the wooden surface showing, and all is a mass of bloom. The third photograph shows one of the uses to which that ramping climber, *Clematis montana*, may be put. It is a beautiful sight trained over the balustrades and piers of this fine gateway.

Climbing Plants

The popularity of climbing plants has very largely increased of late years, and indeed for decorative effect there is no class so effective. They can be used for covering unsightly erections of every sort, for giving shade to arbours and covered walks, for re-clothing with beauty worn-out trees, for adding colour and lightness to dark masses of evergreen shrubs or to those which have but a short flowering season; and, for the sake of their own beauty they can be given the necessary support, and grown amongst other flowers in the mixed border, or as isolated specimens, or against a stretch of wall, or fence, or trellis. In an early number of THE BYSTANDER the question of pergolas and covered walks generally was discussed, and I have nothing to add to that, except that I hope to give, later on, a carefully compiled list of the best varieties of plants to use for this purpose. But the photograph of the gateway at St. Fagan's Castle, with its stone

Photo by] **The Stone-Flagged Court at St. Fagan's, Lord Windsor's Seat, near Cardiff** [*Bush*

The flowers seen in the illustration are Ivy-leaf Geraniums, the fine bushy effect being produced by growing them in barrels filled with soil

Looking Down on the Terraces at St. Fagan's

This photograph was taken in early spring, before the trees in the background were in full foliage. The old wall at the top of this fine series of terraces has fig-trees trained along it, while a lavender hedge constitutes the border

piers and balustrades covered with a mass of bloom, may serve to introduce a few notes on some of the many ways in which climbing plants may be used so as to display their beauty in a fitting manner, and to add to the attractions of the garden picture.

Shady Arbours

There is a feature which is to be seen in almost every French villa garden, but is almost unknown in this country, and that is the creeper-covered arbour. It is not a "summer-house," as that dreary creation is understood in an English suburban garden, but merely an open frame-work, generally of a fair size, upon which climbing plants are trained so as to give pleasant shade in the summer without that loss of the fresh air which makes the narrow, roofed English arbour the one place in the garden which one would generally prefer to keep out of. You may see these light, airy shelters smothered with the blo soms of wisteria or clematis, or free-growing roses, or more closely shaded with vines, ampelopsis, or ivy, over-topping the garden walls of almost every other villa in a place like Dinard, and delightful they are to sit in in the warm weather, and beautiful as well. Our English tastes run more to privacy than those of our neighbours, but there are many places in an English garden where such an arbour as I have described roomy and airy, would be an acquisition. One of the best growths with which to drape it would be that of wisteria, which is not so "slow-growing" as its common reputation pronounces it to be, and displays its hanging clusters of bloom to better advantage when grown in this way than in its usually accepted position against the wall of a house.

In the Border

An attractive way of growing climbing plants is to have them clambering over supports, placed here and there amongst the taller plants in the hardy border. The supports themselves should be such as to be completely hidden during the time of flowering, and they will, of course, be at the back of the border. If it is possible to procure the tops of recently-felled fir trees, amongst the boughs of which the plants will twine and ramble of their own accord, a delightful effect may be obtained, but these would have to be used sparingly. Lighter supports could be used more freely, and rambling roses and the finer sorts of clematis would make beautiful pictures, showing a wealth of bloom above the massed colours of the lower growing plants.

Amongst Trees and Shrubs

The idea of encouraging climbing plants to grow up amongst the branches of deciduous and evergreen trees is no new one, but it has not been practised to any extent in this country until comparatively recently. An old orchard in which the trees are, so to speak, resting from the labours of a long and useful life may be transformed to a new youth by allowing flowering plants to clothe its twisted branches with colour and beauty. And trees even taller than the fruit-growing varieties need not be cut down when dead or dying, for rampant growths, such as that of the Viginian creeper, will cover every branch and withered twig of them. Climbers and creepers must of course be tied and nailed to the

trunks and branches of deciduous trees in the early stages, but in the case of evergreens they may be left to themselves entirely after they have once reached the foliage. *Clematis montana* will run right over a tall yew in a very short time, and there are other plants of the same habit which are as beautiful. Amongst them is the little known *Polygonum Baldschuanicum*, which may be seen at Kew smothering the green of a tall fir with its delicate pink blossoms.

The Flame Nasturtium

Most of us who take our pleasure in gardening make attempts to grow the Flame Nasturtium as *Tropæolum speciosum* is commonly called, but it is one of the few things which in the favoured South it is difficult to establish, although in Scotland and the North of England it festoons every cottage wall. It can, however, be grown well in the South. It has thoroughly established itself, for instance, in Sir William Harcourt's garden at Malwood, in the New Forest, where it is encouraged to ramble among evergreen shrubs. Here, in a few words, is an epitome of the experience of several successful southern growers of this lovely creeper: Wrap some sphagnum moss loosely round the roots of the plants, and bury them two feet deep on the north or north-east side of a yew hedge or of a group of close-growing shrubs, through which the trails can run. The soil should be rich, but light, and, above all, cool and moist. The best time to plant is in the spring, and a mulch of well-decayed manure or leaf-mould is useful in the summer to prevent evaporation.

Photo by *Bush*

The Entrance to the Mulberry Grove, St. Fagan's

The climbing plant which grows so luxuriously as almost to hide the piers and balustrades of this fine old gateway is *Clematis montana*

Photo by] **The New Double Lock at Teddington** *[Temple*

During the recent floods the locks were filled with water, and work had to be suspended

THE RESULT IN MANCHESTER OF Mr. SULLY'S COTTON GAMBLE

Dealing Out Provisions to the Hungry Operatives

Waiting Their Turn

Photos by *Walker*

A Picnic in the Streets

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Decay of the Foursome

One of the least admirable features of modern golf is the decay of the foursome as an institution of the game Now, the foursome is really one of the great glories of golf, and constitutes the chief answer that a golfer can give to the critic who objects to golf as being a selfish, self-centred game. The comparative rareness of the foursome in these days I attribute mainly to the immense spread of the game in the South, where players are less imbued with the true traditions of the game, and where, apparently, the aim of players is constantly to reduce records. "Foursomes," says the Southern player in effect, "may be all very well for old duffers, but give me a single, where I am playing all the time, and can reckon my score at the end of the round." In spite of foursome competitions, which the good sense of committees of various Southern clubs has caused them to institute, this spirit of dislike—nay, in many cases, of positive dread—of foursomes has been very prevalent. It is a thousand pities that this should be so, and all who have the best interests of the game at heart should do their best to remedy this unfortunate state of affairs. So I take up my parable in defence of the foursome in the hope that he who runs may read what I say, and, if he has hitherto been an anti-foursome player, may see the error of his ways, and take to one of the most delightful forms of the game.

The Essence of the Foursome

Let us consider for a moment the benefits of a foursome. First and foremost, we must place the spirit of good comradeship and unselfishness which it calls out. In a foursome you are not playing only for yourself alone, you are a partner in a firm, so to speak, and in every stroke you play you have to think of its effect on the fortunes of the firm, and of your partner. You must control your temper, and preserve an unruffled demeanour under the severest afflictions that the bad play of your partner may inflict on you. *Æquam memento rebus in arduis servare men'em* must be the motto of the foursome player, for if he loses his temper he does not, as in a single, merely stand to lose his own match, but that of his partner and himself. He must also play his strokes, as far as possible, so as to make the next stroke suit the idiosyncrasy of his partner; he must do everything in his power to make the game easy to his fellow-player; must be ready with his praise in success and with his consolation in misfortune; in fact, he must "be to his partner's faults a little blind, and to his virtues very kind." In that way and in that way alone will he get the best out of his partner. I remember years ago, when I was a very young player, being put into a foursome at St. Andrews, in which my partner was the famous George Glennie one of the finest and kindest old gentlemen who ever handled golf club. I grieve to say that perhaps through over-anxiety (let me lay that flattering unction to my soul) I played even worse than usual. I put my dear old uncomplaining partner into every imaginable difficulty, and finally I capped all my crimes by breaking a favourite club of his which he lent me for some critical shot. I felt that burial in the nearest bunker was the least punishment that I deserved, but the dear old man never uttered a word of reproach, and never showed, by word or gesture, that he was the least bit put out. I have never forgotten that incident, and if ever, in some foursome, my partner has tried my temper by some extra double dose of the original sin of bad play that lurks in all of us golfers, I call back to mind dear old George Glennie's charming kindness to me, and try to conform to the example which he set me.

The Foursome as Teacher of Golf

But there are other virtues in the foursome besides those I have mentioned which may make stronger appeal in its favour to the young golfer. It teaches a greater variety of strokes. Most players who have reached a certain stage of proficiency in the game will find that on their home links they will play round after round, using the same clubs at the various holes they have to play; they will, on an average, when in decent practice and form, drive the same distance more or less from the tee, and will, consequently, be continually negotiating the same distances. But let that player go out as partner in a foursome with another player, either much better or worse than himself, and he will find all his distances changed, he will be learning to play different lengths of stroke, and a most beneficent variety will be introduced into his game, which will have a most excellent effect in adding to his powers and resources. Of the two, I would strongly counsel him to play with the better player as often as possible, for there is no finer school of golf than either watching or, preferably, playing with, a better player than yourself. I have often heard a player refuse to play in a foursome because he is so much off his game. I can well understand his not wishing to inflict his bad play on a partner, but if the reluctant player could only face that terror he would probably find that a few foursomes would soon restore him to his accustomed form. Most probably his bad streak of play is due to staleness caused by too many singles. The relief of a foursome will be the best possible medicine for him, and if his partner be a fine player, the mere fact of watching him manipulate his strokes will work wonders for the unhappy sufferer from that prevailing golf malady called "off my game." My space is limited, or I could write much more in praise of the foursome, the finest form of golf and the best school of golf.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

The Connoisseur.

OLD ENGLISH PORCELAIN

The collector's passion for the earliest china ware made in these islands appears to gain an increasing purpose with each year. This is accounted for, probably, by the growing scarcity of very fine examples to be obtained. For some little known cause the early manufactories in England, although successful beyond the dreams of most enthusiasts, in regard to their productions, were always financial failures. Bow, whose figures are now of great price, Chelsea, whose fame now shines like the morning star, Plymouth, the greatly sought after, and Bristol, whose wares are ardently collected, all these passed in a few years. Our Lowestoft ware is badly made in France for the benefit of the amateur, and where are Stepney, Nantgarw, and the rest?

In the conscious rectitude of our own admiration for Oriental pottery and porcelain we have sometimes gone out of our way to speak ill of European manufactures, and especially of British work in this direction. Now comes Nemesis with the beautiful volume that Mr. Solon has prepared, and British ceramics are to some extent avenged. "A Brief History of Old English Porcelain and its Manufactories, with an Artistic, Industrial, and Critical Appreciation of their Products" (Bemrose and Sons, Ltd.), as Mr. M. L. Solon calls his work, is a valuable addition to our already interesting collection of monographs and volumes dealing with English china manufacture All men of taste will enjoy this brief history, however Oriental their own predilection may be, for Mr. Solon approaches the subject with a rare breadth of view, a profound historic knowledge, technical information, and ardent personal sympathy; but, above all, he deals with English porcelain from the high art point of view. His praise of British wares is always that of the judicious artist, as when he says, for example, that the unevenness of the thick and mellow glaze employed on the soft white porcelains of Bow added one more attraction to this production, although to the eye of the technicist alone this changing surface would be considered a bitter misfortune. It is Mr. Solon's admirable sense of beauty which gives especial value to his book. As regards the history of the manufactories, very many have been already treated in excellent books—such as Mr. Turner's "Swansea and Nantgarw," Mr. Binns's many books on "Worcester," Mr. Bemrose on "Bow, Chelsea, and Derby Porcelain," and Mr. Burton's classic, to mention only a few. All these are familiar enough to Mr. Solon, and of them he has made just use with pleasing results.

The growth of interest in Oriental porcelain in Europe, and later in England, began with the examples

Centre Vase, Crown Derby Mark
(From the Borrodaile collection)

sent to Portugal by those pioneers of Eastern taste, the Jesuit missionaries, and then the Dutch traders. In England, the taste grew side by side with the importation of tea and coffee. Chinese cups were, of course, the mode for the service of the fashionable drink, and soon every lady who was of the great world was supplied with her costly and beautiful set, which had no match in the whole of Europe. In those early days of tea-drinking the smashing of a cup entailed heavy punishment to the maid or man-servant whose misfortune led to the disaster. Mistresses, in the most aristocratic circles, were quick to avenge, physically, if one may judge by the memoirs of the period, a servant's carelessness when it meant the loss of a treasured piece of porcelain. In an Epistle of Alexander Pope there is great praise of a lady who is even "mistress of herself though china fall." Such command over the temper was rare. The tea-sets came slowly to hand from the East India ships, and the demand among the fashionable world increased out of all proportion to the supply. In this case the European potter turned his fancy to thoughts of competition with the immemorial East. At first some queer ideas of the way porcelain could be produced were mooted.

Böttger's Discovery and Secret

Certain technical works spoke of the constituent elements of Oriental porcelain as pearl-ash, shells of oysters, and other shell-fish pounded together and buried a hundred years. An "infallible method" was to grind fragments of Oriental china into a powder, add lime-water, gum, and so forth. In Holland the potters produced clever copies of porcelain from their white faïence, decorated with azure blue. In France, pottery was cleverly handled to appear as porcelain. Then, when much ingenuity had been exhausted, Böttger discovered the real hard porcelain in Germany.

What had been for centuries the hopeless ambition of consummate potters an apothecary's apprentice had achieved, (says Mr. Solon), under the prompting of exceptionally favourable occurrences, with unerring purpose and incredible rapidity.

The Translucid Mystery of the East

Henceforth the veil which had so long enshrouded the mystery of the translucid ware of the East was lifted for ever; the true porcelain that came out from the Meissen ovens was absolutely similar in substance and equal in merit to the finished examples of Oriental origin. There was no pretence, however, to present the productions of a Saxony factory under a Chinese disguise, no attempt to palm them off on the unwary public . . . . In England, as indeed in every country where they penetrated, the Dresden statuettes

Eighteenth Century Statuette of Falstaff in Derby Ware

(From the collection of Sir S. Haslam)

started a regular craze . . . Never before had such a bewildering combination of fascinating harmonies and glaring contrast been associated together in the ostentatious decoration of a fashionable interior.

English potters were quick to see that a market lay before them. But Dresden secrets were well kept. It is not until 1745 that we know for certain the china works at Bow and Chelsea, and later at Derby and Worcester, were producing pieces of high technical merit nearing perfection. About 1770, William Cookworthy, of Plymouth, discovered in Cornwall the china clay which was the real secret of real porcelain. So far, in England, only clever substitutes had been manufactured. This perfection in regard to the use of china clay has remained with England many a day, although for many years now the "true" porcelain as well as the "artificial" or fritted, glassy porcelain have been lain aside and bone porcelain reigns alone in our native factories. Since the 18th century our wares have been excellent, but our decoration too often beneath contempt. In the eighteenth century, when the applied arts were at their best, generally speaking, the ornamentation of china remained ridiculous. Infinite pains were spent upon it, miniatures of great value, studies of still-life and stippled work of uttermost delicacy, were lavished upon the best porcelains of the best potteries with highly painful results. Personally, we think the Continental designs, although rather more graceful, were equally false at base. A few early specimens, such as the white "Hawthorn" of Bow, some "Biscuit" of Derby, and so forth, redeem the general character of the decoration with faint honour. Those examples which we give represent various phases of "Derby" manufactures, under the semi-classic influence of the Brothers Adam. These pictures, from Mr. Solon's liberally illustrated pages, show pieces greatly sought for by collectors, but upon another occasion we hope to return to this subject, and choose from this volume some examples not so generally fashionable, but of more true beauty. To the collector of English porcelain, to the student of art generally, and to the amateur of the sideways of history, Mr. Solon's book is a mine of information. But the neophyte of ceramics will meet with some facts that shock him; he will have to hug his happy illusions closely while he reads, "for knowledge is but sorrow's spy."

E. M.

Altar-shaped Vase of Derby—Chelsea Make

(From the Borrodaile collection)

The Menu

By some people Red Mullet are accounted a very dainty fish, and as just now they are rather plentiful, a large shoal of them having been caught recently off Dover, I think a few recipes on the best way of preparing them may be found useful.

RED MULLET (BROILED)

Wipe each fish quite dry, and lay it on a sheet of notepaper well oiled with salad oil; sprinkle pepper, salt, and a little minced parsley on the fish; add a little lemon juice; fold up the paper neatly, broil on a gridiron, and serve in the paper.

RED MULLET (BAKED)

Cut one carrot and two onions into thin slices, add thyme, parsley and marjoram, with pepper and salt to taste, and three tablespoonfuls of salad oil; mix these well together, cover each mullet with the mixture, and roll up in a piece of white paper, previously oiled; bake them in a moderate oven for half an hour, then carefully open the paper, place the fish neatly on a dish, ready to be served and keep it warm. Melt a small piece of butter, add a large pinch of flour, half a tumblerful of good stock, and the vegetables, etc. the fish were cooked in. Let the sauce boil five minutes, add salt if wanted; strain, skim, pour it over the fish, and serve.

RED MULLET (A L'ITALIENNE)

Having broiled the fish, as in the first recipe, take them out of the paper and lay them carefully on a dish, pour the following sauce over them, and serve: Fry in a little salad oil a couple of shallots, very finely minced, and as much Harvey sauce as may be required. Lastly, put in a little finely chopped parsley and a little lemon juice. Let the sauce gently simmer for a quarter of an hour, and, having skimmed off all fat, pour it over the fish.

STUFFED RED MULLET

Remove the gills of the mullets, make an incision from the throat half-way down the belly of the fish, and do not remove any of the inside but the small gut, which will come away in pulling out the gills. Take some fine breadcrumbs, add to them a fourth of their bulk of shallots and the same quantity of mushrooms, both minced as finely as possible and lightly fried in butter. Then add some parsley and sweet herbs finely chopped, season with pepper and salt and make the mixture into a paste by working a pat of butter or more into it, and the yolk of one egg; stuff the mullets with this, pack them up securely in buttered paper and grill them on a clear fire or bake them in a buttered tin.

RED MULLET (AUX TOMATES).

Butter a baking dish plentifully, lay in it side by side half-a-dozen red mullet, sprinkle them with pepper, salt, and chopped parsley, then add about five or six tablespoonfuls of tomato sauce. Cover the whole with a sheet of oiled paper, and bake for about half-an-hour serving in the baking dish.

EMILIA.

Fashionable Facts and Fancies

By Mrs. JACK MAY

We have one unmitigated weakness, Ambrosine and I, and it may be we shall be tempted to twang the string a little too insistently. But for our many other virtues we trust this weakness—love of motoring—will be granted unto us for grace. The more so since we are daily personally testing the possibilities of the various addenda of dress; for never was the motto *Experientia docet* more applicable than in the cause of motoring. One spots the amateur at once by two indications—cleanliness and looseness. A veil, usually of ephemeral tint commences proceedings, and this without blemish be it added, while a coat of impossible capes and collars completes the sorry story. I prefer a motor attire all through in one colour, such as violet, when the veil might be of some delicate hyacinth shade, kharki brown, or I have seen and admired immensely a delicious rose colour. But this was in that delightful duffle cloth, than which no more practical or persuasive material has ever been put to a special cause.

An Artistic Theatre Blouse

In case there are any who have not encountered this treasure, let us explain how duffle is a species of very rough weighty freize, a coat of it being quite sufficiently warm of itself, even on a cold day, without lining. Messrs. H. J. Nichol and Co., Regent Street, are making a great feature of this departure, and the run of colours, together with their excellent cut and style and moderate prices, tempt us to work out one or two alternative schemes.

However, I am warned by Ambrosine that we have perchance babbled sufficiently on the absorbing theme of the hour, but that we shall return thereto, at frequent intervals, I am afraid, is inevitable. Meanwhile, we have a charming little evening blouse for your consideration, a theatre blouse, the graceful completion whereof is found in one of the prevailing full gathered skirts. Discussing the picture, we are seized by the happy inspiration of the services of a short length of taffeta, Liberty satin or crêpe de chine, a length slightly over-running the needs of a skirt, but not sufficing for an entire gown, the smaller surplus contriving the tastefully disposed finely tucked strappings which form so distinctive a feature of the blouse, the remainder of the story being told in white chiffon and old-world tinted lace.

Given only that one has the mind to battle with the intricacies of remnants, there never was a day equal to the present for the harmonious blendings of these short lengths into one harmonious whole. Many there are who condemn the slightest rioting in remnants, declaring that more is spent toward the eking out of these in accessories than in the purchase of some completed affair throughout. And oftentimes is this most true; but that which is so seldom realised is the primary need of a scheme, a contingency that only trained perceptions, perhaps, are capable of conceiving. In a second, the eye attuned to modistic matters jumps to a conclusion, this holding particularly true of colour schemes. To labour over the consummation of a harmony is fatal—in fact, a laboured mind, where clothes are concerned in any way, is to be avoided. Better a few failures, and a free natural taste, the latter in the long run invariably producing some equally grand success.

It is a noteworthy fact that the women who insistently talk clothes are notoriously the worst dressed, for it is the one talent that does not ask an infinity of pains. Practically every woman in the universe can talk dress, but only the very few can feel it, and these last are the inspired pioneers, whom the rest follow with much cackling. Before the woman—and she represents a large portion of the feminine community—who passes her entire existence scouring the earth after shades, her courage quailing before contrast, Ambrosine and I fly as before the plague. She is more wearisome than a ten-mile

THE

BYSTANDER

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NOTICE.

MESSRS. GILLOWS beg to announce to their numerous clientèle that they will now be glad to receive instructions to include properties (Town or country) in one of their forthcoming Spring Auctions, to be held at the Mart, E.C., 1904. An early intimation is requested. A low inclusive figure will be quoted if properties are included in one of their periodical sales.

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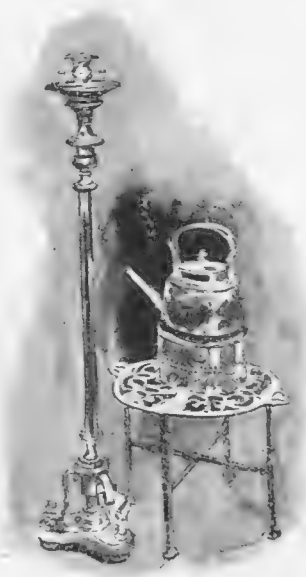

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walk, with her insatiate desire to express a monotone from head to heels.

Infinitely more attractive is the soupçon of contrast, and almost one has come to recognise the ultra-smart woman by this insignia of soupçon. It occurs in petticoats, belts, hats, and en tout cas, with, perchance, a lead off in some slight collar facing. We have, for instance, an immediate affection for a navy blue cloth, with slight unobtrusive facings of a dull red cloth and old Dutch filigree buttons of dull silver, which in imagination we are completing with one of those stylish straw rose toques, shading from quite a deep tone to a pale shade, and a blue en tout cas with a woven red and blue faille border.

This particular en tout cas, by the way, we met at Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road, where a very plethora of parasols begins to put in an appearance early in April. The firm, indeed, have acquired so fine a name for the production of parasols, that it is interesting to trace the success to home manufacture. Ideas are culled from Paris, *cela va sans dire*, together with a good many of the materials and embroideries, but the indifferent workmanship of that country has been replaced by some of more thorough, substantial, English quality, while the prices, as is ever the way with a large market, are amazingly moderate.

The very en tout cas described above, in rich gros grain, with its interwoven faille border, is priced at only 15*s.* 9*d.*, 22*s.* 6*d.* securing a beautifully carved head to the stick. This style runs to a pleasant range of greens of the deep emerald and leaf order, and navy blues, the woven border offering some ingenious contrasts, But the model altogether appealed to us so persuasively, we have had it introduced in the accompanying group, the sketch being taken from a green gros grain, with red stripe woven border, outlined either side by a narrow maize line.

Of similar *genre*, and in the best possible taste, is another gros grain, with a four-inch faille border, in the same colour. A checked basket-patterned silk, again, is exceptionally good, bearing two borders of white satin spots on a plain ground. And this, again, is pictured, as also a navy blue gros grain, with deep grass-lawn border, inset above with medallions of ivory lace, a design that is equally *recherché* in red, black, or green; the uniform price only 27*s.* 6*d.* The fourth and last illustration strikes an early note in parasols; this representing a white embroidered chiffon cover, laid over silk, the latter frou-frou about the edge with chiffon frills.

It is significant that Shoolbred's are advocating an en tout cas appreciably larger this season, and are showing those smart stout sticks. These, in solid hazel, are frequently beautifully carved, the feathery world being well represented in the form of drakes', turkeys' and pheasants' heads, realistically coloured. But no purse need despair of finding its justifiable outlay here, glacé silk en tout cas, in a range of thirty colours, commencing at 7*s.* 6*d.*, while really good gros grain in the like complement of shades with natural wood handles, start at 10*s.* 6d. Ambrosine is especially enamoured for herself, and other youthful members of the fair sex, of a small black and white block check border to a plain blue or green glacé en tout cas, some of these borders being set on with a hem-stitch in a quite novel, effective style. But novelty is the keynote here, and, frankly, what this firm have failed to accept in the matter of fashionable foibles, where the parasol is concerned, is not worth a moment's consideration, for they have plumbed the depths.

A general cry out in our immediate vicinity for the tailor-made frock, that is not a coat and skirt, is chiefly responsible for a creation that would proclaim itself a desirable possession in tabac brown cloth, the revers of black satin opening upon a vest of biscuit faille, harmonising in tone with the lace chemisette, the buttons everywhere emphasising the crochet fancy.

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Our Supplement

The Supplements presented with every copy of THE BYSTANDER range over a wide field. Now they are works of imagination by leading artists, now studies of female beauty—also slightly imaginative—now caricatures of men of to-day. A fine collection of old sporting prints is now being added to the Gallery. The first, which is presented with this number, is entitled a "Twenty-seven foot Jump." Like all our Supplements, this pictorial record of the days when men rode hard afield is most suitable for framing.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NOVELS

"Strong Mac." By S. R. Crockett. 6*s.* (Ward, Lock and Co.)

"The Despoilers." By Edmund Mitchell. 6*s.* (Cassell and Co.)

"The Filigree Ball." By Anna K. Green. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

"Stronger than Love." By Mrs. Alexander. 2*s.* 6*d.* (T. Fisher Unwin.)

"Facing the Future." By Robert Thynne. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

"Tussock Land." By Arthur H. Adams. 6*s.* (T. Fisher Unwin's First Novel Library.)

"The Vineyard." By John Oliver Hobbes. 6*s.* (T. Fisher Unwin.)

"The Sons o' Cormac." By Aldis Dunbar. 6*s.* (Longmans, Green.)

"Anna the Adventuress." By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 6*s.* (Ward, Lock and Co.)

MISCELLANEOUS

"T.B.B." Cloth Edition. 2*s.* (Bemrose and Sons.)

Tennyson's Poems, with portrait by E. J. Sullivan. 3*s.* (Newnes' Thin Paper Classics.)

"Chats on English China." By Arthur Hayden. (Illustrated.) 5*s.* (T. Fisher Unwin.)

"The Japs at Home." By Douglas Sladen. (Newnes.)

"The Black Arrow" and "The Master of Ballantrae." By Robert Louis Stevenson. Reprints, Pocket Edition. 2*s.* each. (Cassell and Co.)

"Mediterranean Winter Resorts." By E. A. Reynolds Ball. (Kegan Paul.)

"The Reciter's Treasury of Verse." Compiled by E. Pertwee. (Routledge.)

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